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THE NEW PEERS: A GROUP IN THE ROBING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

As every dog has his day, so to every limb and feature of humanity has at one time or another been attributed extraordinary significance. The eye was first, and very justly, considered to be the chief exponent of character. It speaks almost as intelligently as the voice, and not always smooth things. One can read in it when one gentleman wishes to murder another, though he may have his reasons for not saying so. By its humorous twinkle we know that its possessor is laughing, though his face is as grave as that of a judge at assize; its wink can convey a volume to an intelligent recipient. Solomon himself was "taken" even with an eyelid, or, as we now express it, "fetched." It is said, indeed, that the eye sees only what it brings with it; but it brings everything—like a retriever. Revolted by this preponderance of expression, the artistic sense pretended to find rivals in the curve of the lip and the shape of the nose. Even the lobe of the ear was found to be intensely significant. This is the favourite feature of the modern novelist: the hero cannot resist the temptation of kissing, somewhat to her astonishment, the lobe of the ear of his beloved object. Then the hand came into favour: the fingers were found to possess an eloquence far exceeding that of the dumb alphabet. Now it is the thumb. This hitherto neglected member has been recently discovered to be "an unerring index of the mind. If a person is trying to deceive you, he will invariably draw his thumb in towards the palm. On the other hand, if he is telling the truth, the thumb will relax and point away from the palm." Under these circumstances, it will behave diplomatically and company promoters to keep their hands in their pockets. What seems curious, not a word is said about the combination of the thumb (with the fingers spread out) and the tip of the nose, an attitude which will be taken by a good many (vulgar) people when they hear of this new theory. If, on the other hand, it is correct, the phrase "all his fingers were thumbs," instead of suggesting awkwardness, will become a synonym for concentrated expression. At present nobody has had a word to say about the intellectual significance of the great toe, but sooner or later we shall doubtless hear about it.

Some people are sneering at the "sentimental notion" of a Cats' Home. They draw the line at dogs, unless, indeed, like the amiable theologian who has been lately airing his ideas upon the subject, they think we have "no duties" in relation to animals at all—upon the whole, the most inhuman dogma, as regards this world at least, that has ever been uttered by any person professing the Christian religion. In him those persons who have left home for their holidays, and their cats to starve in it, will find an apologist, and I hope nowhere else. When a boy murders his mother, and spends a happy day afterwards at Lord's, it is attributed to the influence of cheap novelettes: perhaps the selfish cruelties of these householders may be accounted for in a similar way, though I have not noticed that callous natures are much impressed by imaginative literature. There is something particularly pathetic about these deserted cats, for, unlike dogs, they are entirely unaccustomed to fend for themselves. The cat's-meat man, among that class who leave their homes without a caretaker, is wont to call regularly; but though the poor creature hears his call and reciprocates it, puss has no money for him, and he gives no credit. She has no milk to lap, and no lap to sit in; she wonders, no doubt, why she is left to starve by those she has been accustomed to consider her friends, and let us hope she attributes it to some error in judgment. Expense will, at all events, no longer be an excuse for such brutal conduct, since the cost of boarding at the Cats' Home is only a few pence a week. There she will be taken care of, or if she has no friends gone on their holiday, but is a mere waif and stray, subject to all the cruelties of a world that has "no duties" towards her, there is the lethal chamber, wherein she is mercifully released from life.

It has been discovered that ladies who wish to heighten their complexions need no longer use paints and unguents that are injurious to the skin. "Blackberry or strawberry juice rubbed slightly on the cheeks and then washed off with milk gives a beautiful tint." "The garden beet is also an excellent cosmetic: the beet is cut and the juice applied gently with a camel's-hair brush." Country ladies will thus have an advantage over those of town: there will be no necessity to apply to any Madame Rachel, but they will do their painting on the premises. Such aids to beauty can hardly be called artificial. It is possible, however, they may become dangerous in the bee season. The enamoured swain will think it only natural that that persistent insect should be attracted by such flower-like beauty, but the lady will know better.

There is an amusing discussion in the *Author* as to whether a man who tells stories professionally "does not lose to a certain extent the perception of truth," and become a story-teller in private life. This reminds one of Dr. Johnson's dictum, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat": after romancing in the study for three or four hours, you come up in the drawing-room and romance there. Now, with the exception of a little exaggeration about their circulation and emoluments and a few other

tarradiddles which may be considered professional, one does not find novelists less trustworthy in their statements than other people. There is, no doubt, an opinion to the contrary abroad: it is told of an excellent writer of fiction, and lively raconteur, that on a voyage across the Atlantic he delighted everyone on board with his conversation, with one exception—a sullen fellow who could not by any means be got to appreciate the stories which made his fellow-passengers merry. On the ship's arrival at her destination someone remonstrated with him on this: "How is that you, among the whole lot of us, never vouchsafe even a smile to Mr. B.?" "Well, you see," he replied with an engaging frankness, "I am a liar myself." He took it for granted that Mr. B. must be untruthful, and disliked him as being in the same way of business—two of a trade. It is very properly argued by one of these disputants in the *Author* that there are other writers who deal in imaginative literature beside novelists, and who may, in the weakness of question, be therefore tarred with the same brush. "It would be," he says, "of great interest to learn which class of author is the more untruthful in ordinary life." There is nothing, it is said, more misleading than facts except figures. Are writers on statistics, in ordinary life, like the sullen passenger on ship-board? Is the theologian to be trusted upon matters of this world? Can you believe the word of the historian when he is not shaping history in accordance with his own predilections? Is the lawyer—but these inquiries have a tinge of personality. The novelist is used to it. There is no more scruple about dissecting his private character than in estimating the amount of his income. But those who follow other callings resent this interference.

The indignation of our judges when acclamations of joy are evoked by a verdict of "Not Guilty" is no doubt highly proper and commendable. It is only human nature that causes it to be more keenly displayed when it is a verdict with which they do not sympathise. One cannot help pitying the one individual—no more culpable, perhaps, than his fellows—who happens to be selected for punishment for this contempt of court. In the days of political trials the incident was more common, while the ire of the Bench was still more pronounced. When Stone was tried for high treason (for sending intelligence to the French, when they threatened an invasion of Ireland) the jury at midnight pronounced him to be "Not Guilty," whereupon a shout arose, both within and without the court, only less vehement than that which hailed the acquittal of the seven bishops. Lord Kenyon's eye chanced to rest upon a Mr. Thompson among the shouters, and he instantly ordered him into custody. The offender, rather injudiciously, explained that "if he had not given utterance to the joy within his heart, he should have died on the spot," whereupon his Lordship fined him twenty pounds and ordered him to be kept in custody till it was paid. Thompson at once tendered his cheque, which the judge refused to accept, so that the poor man (who was fortunately for himself a rich one) had to pass the rest of the night in jail.

The "baby case," which for nearly three weeks has dragged its slow length along, has at last come to the conclusion which most readers came to from almost its very commencement. The instances of supposititious children which have come within the ken of the law courts are comparatively few, and most of them of a comparatively venial character. They have generally been attempts on the part of ladies who have been denied offspring to appear as mothers out of compliment to their lords. In one case the supposititious child was a doll, which was buried as a still-born child—a proof of how easily satisfied some husbands are inclined to be. The difficulty is to find a child whose age exactly corresponds to that of the unexpected stranger. It is often a day or two too old, which prevents its having that mottled appearance—like an inferior shot silk—which distinguishes the brand-new baby. "No medical man of any acumen," says a great authority upon the subject, "who has had an opportunity of examining them can be deceived by either woman or child." Prudent ladies who intend to play the part of matrons put off the interesting occasion until they can make sure of a new-born child, but this runs things very close. The difficulty of both having your cake and eating it is much increased when it is necessary to accomplish the feat in secret. It is our Mrs. Gamps, and not the doctor, who almost always play into the lady's hand on these occasions. They take away the pretended child—sometimes only a pad—and introduce the supposititious one with almost equal facility. Still, the latter business has generally its little pitfalls: the secret has more or less to be shared by outsiders; and the question arises, in quarters to whom it belongs, what has become of the substituted infant? It is a suspicious circumstance when a lady is proved to have taken a fancy to a workhouse baby, for example, upon the very eve (as she affirms) of having one of her own. This "floored" the Wicklow peerage case, though the witnesses for the supposititious child were complimented by the Lord Chancellor for their apparently honest and straightforward testimony. It is important to procure a baby as similar to its alleged father as possible—not dark if he is fair, at all events, or *vice-versa*—but under

such exceptional circumstances one must take what one can: borrowers, like beggars, cannot be choosers.

The persons who are always adjuring us to leave off tobacco and alcohol and everything that is nice seem to be of opinion that the great object of our lives should be longevity. Even supposing, however, by denying ourselves every comfort that we could be certain to live to be centenarians, would it be to our advantage? Have these good people ever been acquainted with a centenarian? My own experience of this favoured class is that their chief satisfaction is derived from the retention of certain faculties which all persons of a moderate age possess in a much higher degree of perfection. Like the books of the Sybil, these grow more valuable as the rest are destroyed. If the next world is to be something disagreeable they may congratulate themselves, of course, like Charles Lamb in the cemetery, that they have not got there yet; but one's life can be hardly worth living when one has lost half one's senses and all one's friends. Moreover—which is a fact that does not gild this absurdly desiderated condition—above four-fifths of our centenarians die in the workhouse. From a recent census in France it seems that there, also, persons who reach the extreme limit of human life are generally in great poverty. One would think that centenarians always lived upon their principal, which is very foolish for long-lived people to do. One old lady takes the cake at a hundred and fifty; but the poor soul can't eat it, her diet for the last ten years having been confined, by the advice of her physician, to goat's milk.

At the sale of a well-known library in London the other day, I read that Thomas Moore's poetical works in four volumes only produced one shilling! One would have supposed the paper, let alone the binding, would have been worth that money; but to think that the poems, Moore's poems, Tommy Moore's, who set such a value on them, and was corroborated in the estimate by his contemporaries, should have thus deteriorated is indeed an example of the fleeting character of literary popularity. There are men alive who remember when they had a vogue almost equal to Byron's. That now sadly depreciated nobleman was so good as to treat Tommy sometimes (for at others it was "Tommy dearly loves a Lord") as an equal—

Were't the last drop in the well,
And I fainting at the brink,
Ere my failing spirit fell
'Tis to thee, Tom Moore, I'd drink—

a verse that ought to be the dearest to Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the whole British anthology. What a many-sided bard he was, too: odes, epistles, translations, political *jeux d'esprit* flowed from his pen with what has now proved to be a fatal facility—the minstrel, to quote from his own fine poem, "who ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all." As for "Lalla Rookh"—of which, by-the-bye, a recent traveller in Cashmere tells us that it is so full of local colouring and accurate description that he could scarcely believe Moore had never been there—it is as dead as Queen Anne. None of the rising generation have the least knowledge of it; whereas, within living memory, it was thought to be one of the finest poems of the century. It was denounced by the clergy as being more wicked than "Don Juan," because more subtle in its immorality; besides, "no young person" who had any self-respect would have read the latter, while she read the former under the rose. Conceive the young person taking any such precaution now with "Don Juan," which itself is tepid compared with the "warmth" of modern verse! Even when Moore was "Little" he was not half so naughty. There was a certain humorous audacity about him utterly wanting in his later rivals, which, so to speak, disinfected his immorality—

When your lip has met mine in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it.

Even a serious-minded person would rather read Little than the "Loves of the Angels," though thought at one time to have the Miltonic spirit.

It was, of course, the Irish melodies which earned for Moore the title of a national poet. Never did songs meet with such success as these songs. Every drawing-room in London rang with them. But the minstrel boy to the wall has gone. "'Tis the last rose of summer," "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps," and so on, are still trilled in the suburbs by singers who do not even know who wrote them. Moore's submergence, when we consider how he once floated on the very top of the wave of fame, is more complete than that of any of his brother bards. Nobody but the reviewers (whom he entertained very handsomely) thought that Rogers *would* live, and no one ever placed that confidence in Southey except himself; but that Moore, almost the first favourite of his day in the race for poetic fame, should not now even be "placed," is an example of *vanitas vanitatum* indeed. There was a time when royalty itself shrank from the lash of his satire—

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon popery's shrine;
No, not for the riches of all that despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine.

How scathing is that last line! The entire poem, indeed, is worthy of its subject. And now the whole four volumes of Moore's works have fetched but a shilling!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

The fourteenth Parliament of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria was opened at Westminster on Monday, Aug. 12, when the Right Hon. W. C. Gully was again elected Speaker of the House of Commons, but the reading of the Queen's Speech, with which the proceedings of a Session usually begin, was deferred until Thursday, in order that the members of both Houses might first take the prescribed oath of allegiance to her Majesty—or make their solemn affirmation, if they religiously object to an oath; and that the Speaker may present himself at the Bar of the House of Lords, to have his election approved by the Lord Chancellor, acting for the Queen. It is obvious that, without these preliminary formalities, the House of Commons is unable to vote the Address.

But the simple election of the Speaker, accompanied with the statement of a claim to the rights and privileges of the House of Commons, is an act for which no express permission by the Crown is required; nor can those privileges, "freedom of speech in debate, freedom from arrest, free access to her Majesty, and that the most favourable construction be put upon all their proceedings" ever be denied by the Sovereign, although the Speaker, as a matter of courtesy, asks "by humble petition" that they be still continued. The right honourable gentleman who has to make this claim, modestly requesting that, "if any error be committed, it may be imputed to himself, and not to her Majesty's Commons," stands in a most dignified attitude as representative of an independent branch of the Legislature; there is no corresponding permanent president of the House of Lords; and it is the more becoming that the office of Speaker should never be regarded as within the patronage of the Ministry of the Crown. From a truly Constitutional point of view, therefore, much could be said in favour of the course which has been taken upon this occasion, when, by the consent of both parties, notwithstanding the immense majority enjoyed by the supporters of the present Government, a Speaker belonging to the Opposition party, and originally chosen, not long since, as a member of that party, has been frankly re-elected, in the most graceful and agreeable manner, thereby expressing the unanimous assurance that he will exercise his authority in the Chair for no party purpose.

The manner in which the election, or re-election, of the Right Hon. William Court Gully was performed upon this occasion was the more graceful, as has been remarked, from his appointment being proposed by Sir J. R. Mowbray, the member for the University of Oxford, who had nominated a rival candidate, Sir Matthew White Ridley, in opposition to Mr. Gully, in the last Parliament. That his political opponents should have so early testified their belief in him, their satisfaction with his past conduct, and their confidence in his exact impartiality for the future, is quite in character with the noble traditions of English Parliamentary life.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

The selection of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Amphil to move and second the Address in the House of Lords was a compliment to two young men who may be considered as part of "the rising hope" in the Unionist party in the Upper House. The Duke is twenty-three years old, and succeeded his father in 1892. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has hitherto taken far less interest in politics than did his uncle, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, at the same age. On more than one occasion, however, the Duke has shown that he has inherited a facility for speaking, which ought to stand him in good stead in public life.

Lord Amphil is the eldest son of that eminent diplomatist, Lord Odo Russell, who was created Baron Amphil in 1881. He is twenty-six years old, and was educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford. As an undergraduate he was exceedingly popular, not only for his prowess in athletics, but as President of the Union. Last year Lord Amphil married Lady Margaret Lygon, daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp.

The Hon. Thomas Wodehouse Legh, who moved the Address in the House of Commons, is a member of that fine old family, the Leghs of Lyme. He is the elder son of Lord Newton, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He entered the diplomatic service, from which he retired in 1886. In that year he succeeded Sir R. Cross (who had been raised to the Peerage) in the representation of the Newton division of Lancashire,

for which he still sits. He is thirty-eight years old, and married a daughter of the late Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Herbert Robertson, who seconded the Address, defeated Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., in South Hackney. He is the only son of the late Dr. T. S. Robertson, and is forty-six years old. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1873. He had fought South Hackney on two previous occasions unsuccessfully.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

The cruel and savage murder of a whole household of English Church missionaries, including the Rev. R. W. Stewart and his family, eleven persons in all, by a fanatical band of Chinese, on Thursday, Aug. 1, at their residence, Wha-sang, near Ku-chen, some days' journey inland from the commercial treaty-port of Foo-chow, is a shocking event to be more precisely related. The victims killed are Mr. Stewart and his wife, formerly of Dublin, with three of their children, Miss Elsie Marshall, daughter of the Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Blackheath, Miss Flora Stuart, Miss H. E. Saunders and Miss E. M.



Photo by Heltis and Sons, Regent Street.

MISS LUCY STEWART.



Photo by Werner, Dublin.

MRS. R. W. STEWART.

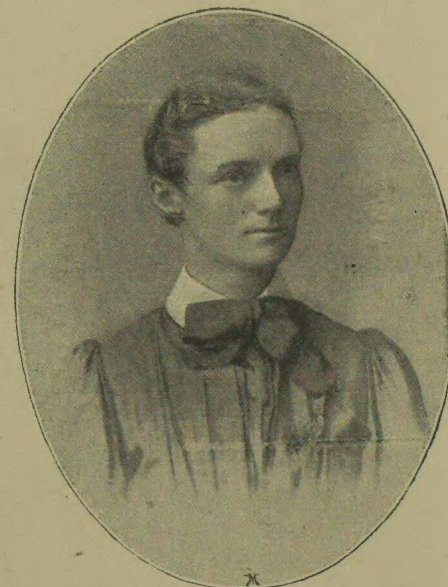


Photo by Werner, Dublin.

MISS HESSIE NEWCOMBE.



Photo by H. W. Busbridge, Blackheath.

MISS ELSIE MARSHALL.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA: VICTIMS OF THE RIOTS AT WHA-SANG, NEAR KU-CHEN.

Saunders, from Melbourne, Australia, Miss HESSIE Newcombe, and Miss Gordon. Miss Codrington and several others were severely wounded; two of the children were saved, but hardly anyone in the house escaped without cuts or stabs intended to kill. The attack was made in the night, when they were all in bed; most of the wounds appear to have been made with spears. It is said that the assailants numbered about eighty, and that they were a sworn band connected with a Chinese secret society, widely spread in the province of Fu-kien, and in other southern provinces, which has undertaken to destroy or expel all foreigners. The members of this association can scarcely belong either to the Confucian or to the Buddhist religion, both of which are supremely tolerant; it is more probable that they form a new sect arising in the pagan barbarism of the lower classes, but encouraged, possibly, by conspirators who are men of education, and even by some corrupt official persons, seeking to overthrow the empire, already much shaken, by bringing it into collision with the European Powers. The members of this fanatical league seem to have also taken ascetic vows of abstinence from liquor, opium, tobacco, and flesh-meat; hence they are sometimes called "Vegetarians." It is certain that they do not at all represent the ordinary disposition of the mass of the people, who regard Christian missions, in general, with complete indifference, and whose behaviour to strangers is usually quiet and peaceable.

We have been favoured by the Church Missionary Society with some photographs of Ku-chen, and of the mission premises there, which were the ordinary residence of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, and of the ladies belonging to the Zenana Mission. There are also views of the chapel

and summer dwelling of the missionaries at Wha-sang, situated on the hills about six miles from the town of Ku-chen, and the actual scene of the late dreadful massacre. These have been communicated by the Rev. H. C. Knox, Vicar of Sibley, Loughborough.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The Channel squadron, which arrived at Berehaven, on the south-west coast of Ireland, on Aug. 3, has been engaged in taking supplies of coal on board the ships from the colliers that have been sent to meet them, so as to be in readiness for the manoeuvres of naval strategy and tactics about to be commenced. Our Artist's sketch of this laborious work carried on with great energy aboard and alongside of H.M.S. *Repulse*, the bluejackets and the Royal Marines toiling in the hold as though they were common "dockers," shows that the cruise is no mere holiday parade. Fuel is not less important than ammunition to the movements of modern warfare at sea.

THE COWES REGATTA WEEK.

The regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, from Monday, Aug. 5, to Friday, Aug. 9, was favoured with the presence of his Majesty the German Emperor and of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The German naval squadron at Spithead, under command of Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, attracted much notice. Our Special Artist's sketches represent some of the most interesting scenes at this nautical assembly. On Tuesday the spectators, who had expected to see the Emperor's sailing yacht *Meteor* contest the race for the Queen's Cup with the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*, were much disappointed. The weather being very rough, the *Meteor*, *Hester*, *Carina*, and *Verena*, which had been entered for that race, declined to start, leaving the *Britannia* to sail alone over a shortened course, and to take the prize. At the end of this, when the *Britannia* was coming in, and was approaching the German war-ships, they fired a salute in honour of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Some heavy rain came on, but not quite so much as on the Monday afternoon, when the Emperor's steam-yacht *Hohenzollern* entered the Solent. The next day, Wednesday, Aug. 7, with fine bright weather, brought many hundreds of visitors in steam-boats from Portsmouth, Ryde, and Southampton. The racing had much interest for some of them, and none could fail to enjoy the beautiful scene. In the race for yachts exceeding 40 tons the prize of £100 was won by the *Britannia*, easily beating the *Ailsa* and *Hester*. But next day the same three yachts competing for the Town Plate, the *Ailsa*, Mr. A. Walker's yacht, defeated the *Britannia* with four minutes to spare. On Thursday the German naval squadron left the Cowes anchorage, firing a salute as it passed Osborne, and also in passing H.M.S. *Australia*, the guard-ship. The imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* went to Leith, where the Emperor would come on board after his visit to North Britain.

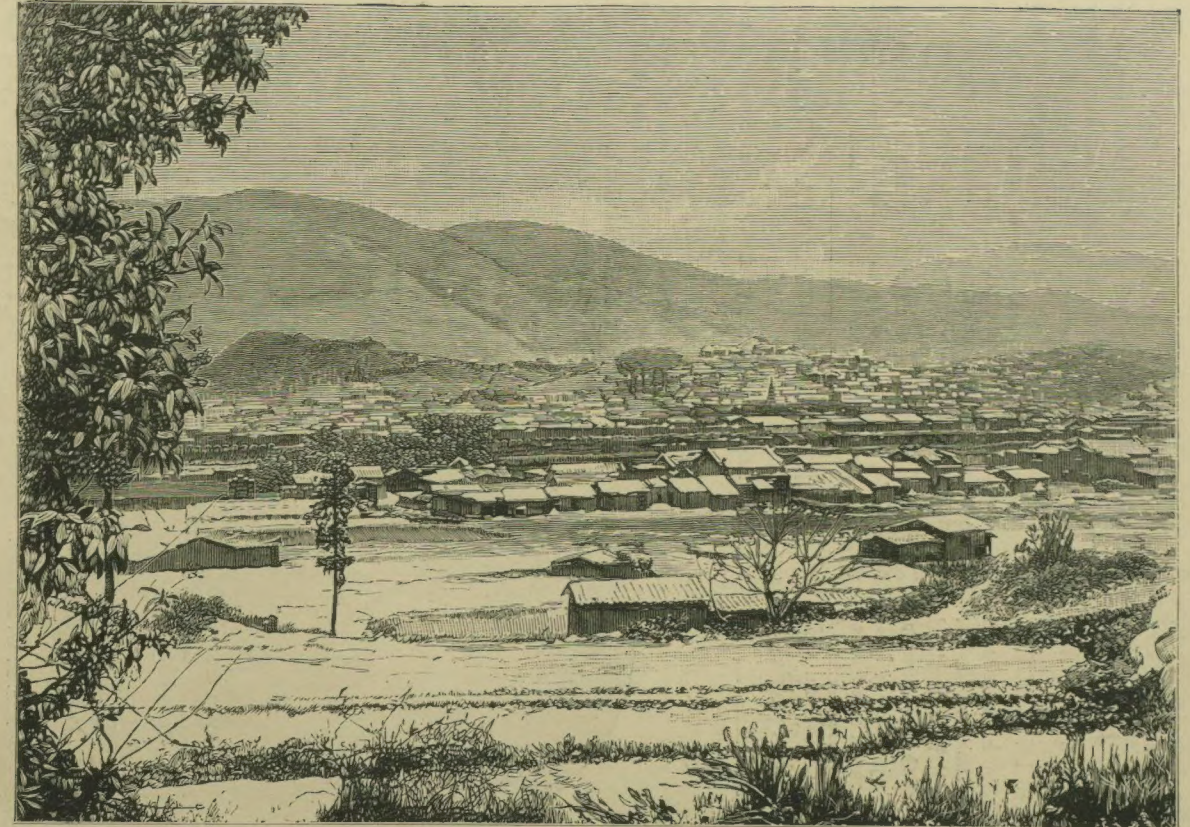
NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS AT BISHOPTHORPE.

The Archbishop of York on Thursday, Aug. 8, entertained a large party of Nonconformist and Dissenting ministers at his palace, Bishopthorpe, near York. They came from that city by a steam-boat on the river Ouse. On arriving at Bishopthorpe they were received by the Rev. J. R. Keble, who conducted them through the grounds to meet his Grace the Most Rev. W. D. Maclagan, D.D., in the open air before the north front of the palace. The Archbishop was accompanied by his chaplains and by the Bishop of Beverley and the Bishop of Hull, with other clergy of the diocese. There was a short devotional service, beginning with the hymn "O God, our help in ages past." All joined in the singing. The Bishop of Beverley read a portion of Scripture, after which prayers were offered by the Archbishop, the Bishop of Hull, the Rev. J. M. Lowther, of Thirsk, and another Wesleyan minister, and the Rev. E. B. Reynolds, Primitive Methodist, of Rotherham. The company then entered the house to partake of luncheon, and brief friendly speeches were made by the Archbishop, the Rev. David Young, Wesleyan minister, of York, and the Rev. G. Hester, Baptist minister. After thanking his Grace for this hospitality, the visitors re-embarked at four o'clock on board the steam-boat, which conveyed them back to York. In the evening they attended public worship at York Minster.

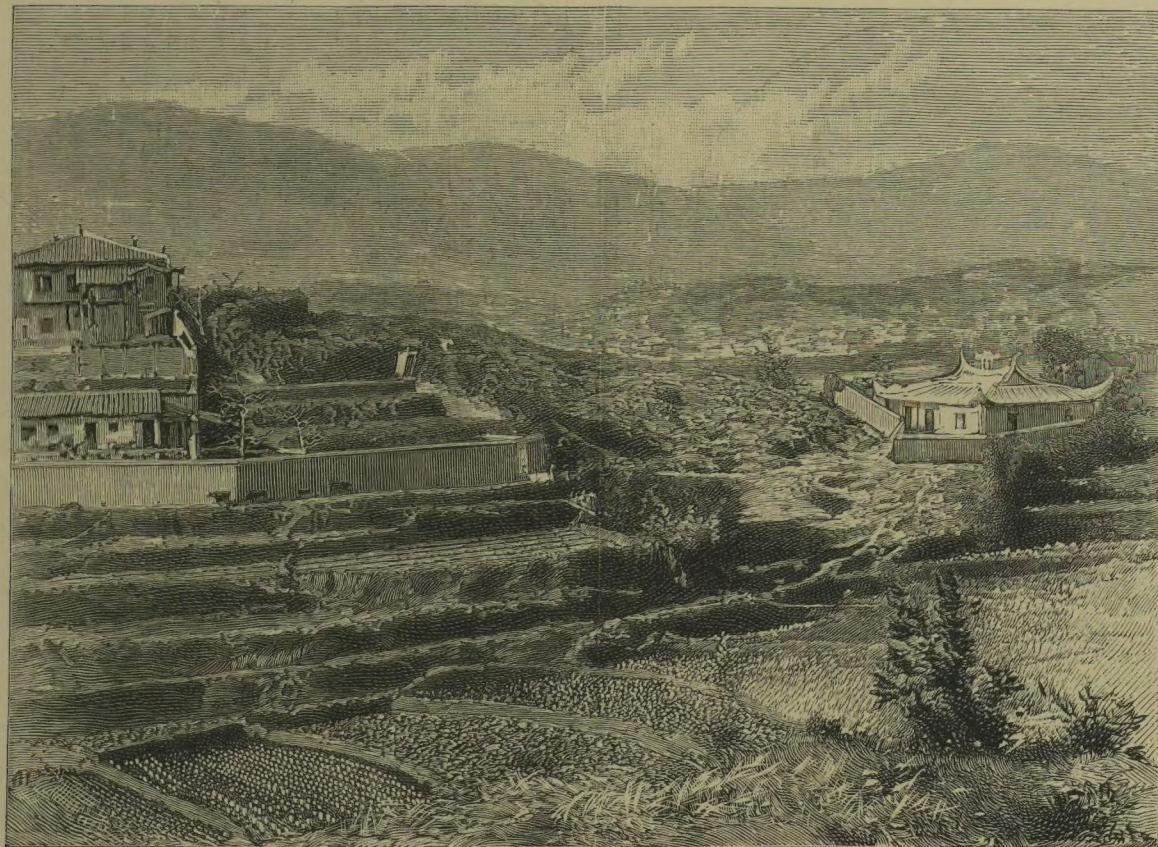
THE MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA: SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.



MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF WHA-SANG, NEAR KU-CHEN, WITH CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S CHAPEL.

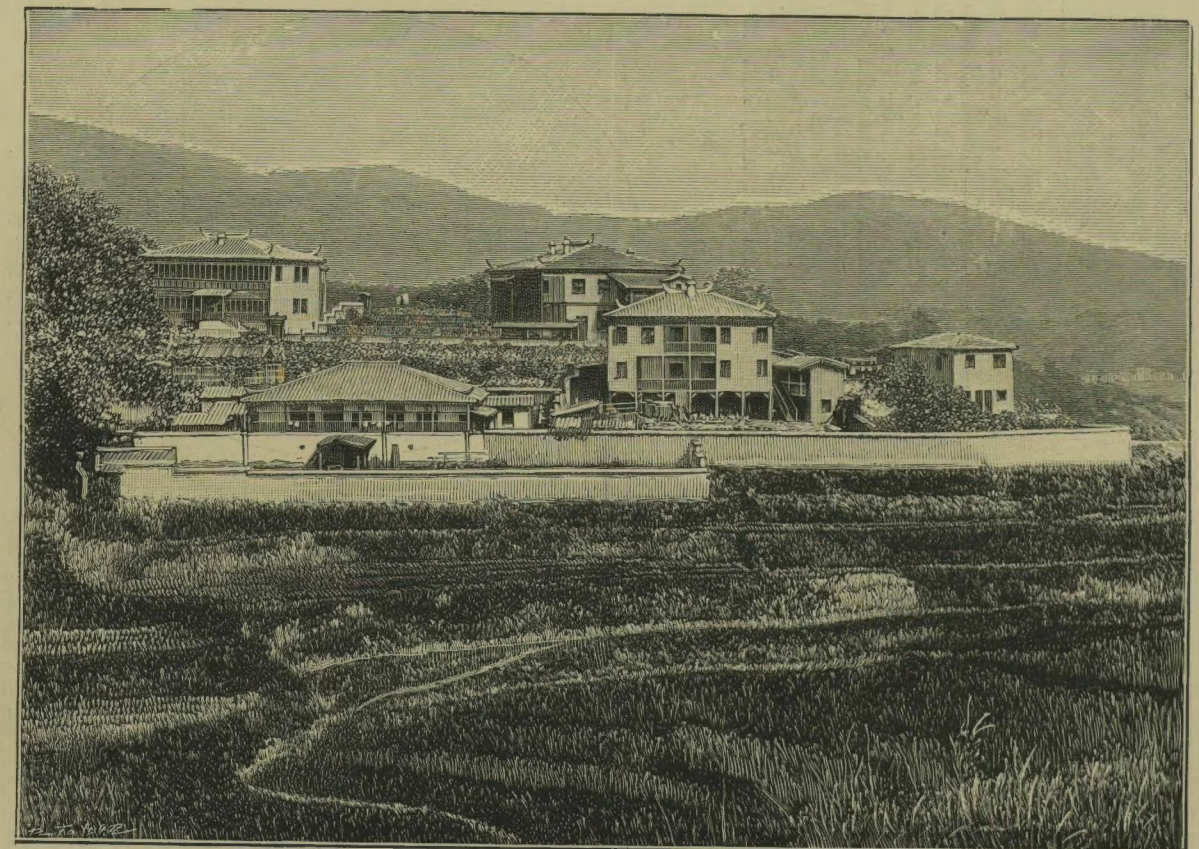


THE TOWN OF KU-CHEN, IN SNOW.



THE BOYS' BOARDING-SCHOOL AT KU-CHEN.

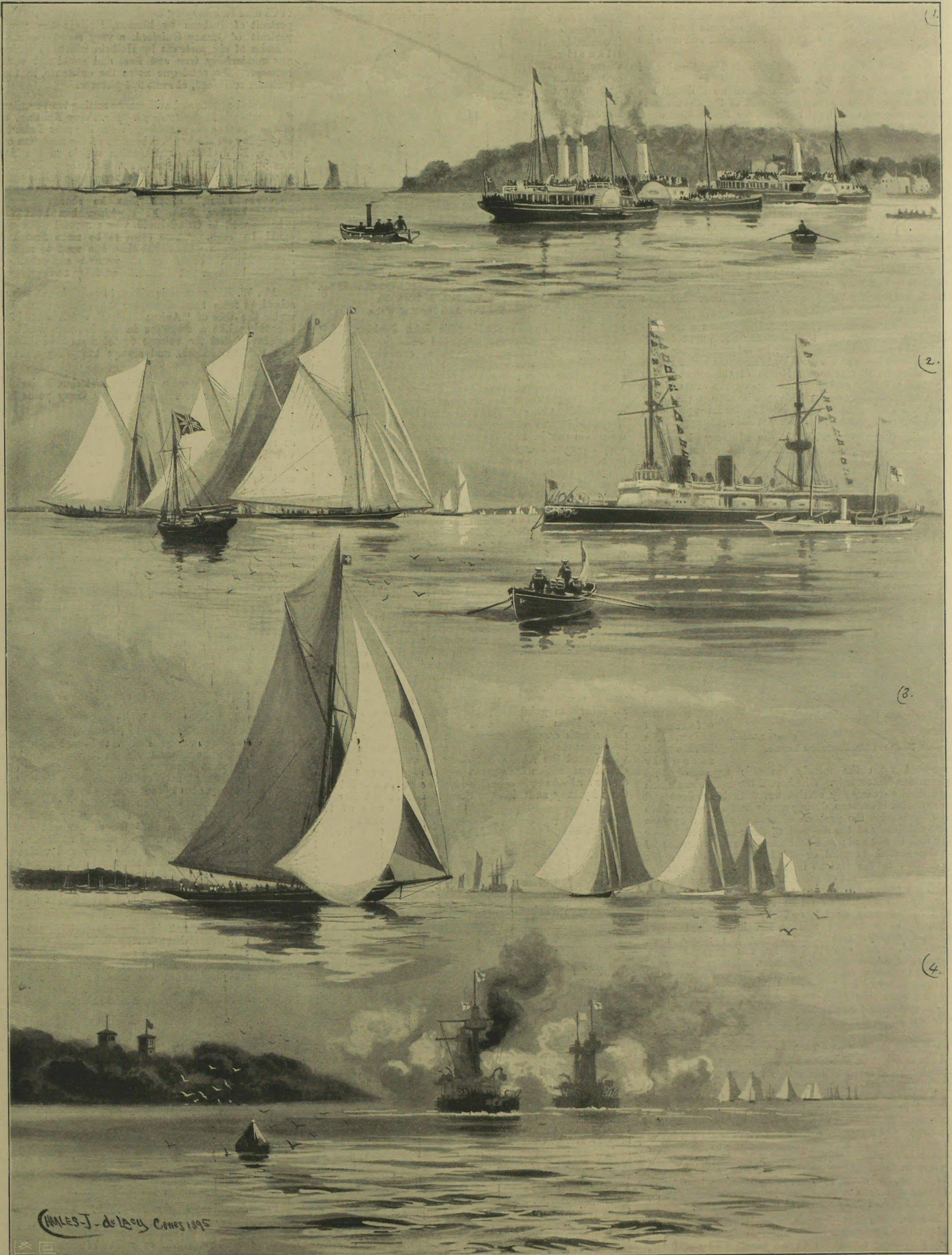
The Rev. R. W. Stewart's House.



Girls' School.

Zenana Mission House.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S PREMISES AT KU-CHEN.



1. Steam-boats arriving with spectators, Aug. 7. 2. Start of yachts exceeding 40-tons rating. 3. Race for the Town Plate, the *Britannia* leading. . . 4. Departure of German war-ships: Saluting off Osborne.

THE COWES REGATTA WEEK.

PERSONAL.

The longevity of judges is agreeably illustrated by the Master of the Rolls, who although he has just entered his eighty-first year, is still full of vigour. Lord Esher is now the oldest judge on the Bench, but more remarkable than any of his colleagues for a youthful vivacity. When the Courts are sitting scarcely a day passes without some ebullition, which shows that though litigants may come and litigants may go, the Master of the Rolls will have his joke.

Sir Frank Lockwood has the unique distinction of retaining his office as Solicitor-General in the new Ministry. For some mysterious reason no Unionist has yet been appointed to this office, and as the Crown cannot dispense with its legal advisers, Sir Frank Lockwood continues to discharge his official duties, although his friends have gone into Opposition. Another member of the late Ministry is in the same case, for Serjeant Hemphill is still Irish Attorney-General.

Mr. Keir Hardie proposes to explain to American audiences the causes of his defeat at the General Election. He is understood to ascribe the overthrow of Independent Labour in South West Ham to "treachery," though the particular treason has not been very clearly defined. The fortunes of his party throughout the country he regards as brilliant, though the only tangible effect of his agitation has been the loss of about a dozen seats to the Opposition. As the Government would still be in a majority of 138 if these seats had been retained by the Liberals, Mr. Keir Hardie can scarcely make much of his achievement even in the stimulating atmosphere of Chicago.

It has been discovered that Mr. Gully owns a remarkably fine bull-dog. If the era of "peace and calm" predicted by Mr. Balfour should be delayed, perhaps the Speaker may hasten its advent by taking this animal with him when he repairs to the House of Commons. The aspect of "Billy" seated, let us say, on the arms of the Chair ought to overawe the Irish members. On the other hand, "Billy" might be represented to the Irish people as an intolerable symbol of English coercion.

Intellectual ability, which, in the advocacy of systems and schemes designed to transform the economic and



Photo by Debenham.
THE LATE MR. FREDERICK ENGELS.

industrial and moral conditions of mankind, does not alone secure their practical success, cannot be denied to the German leaders of Socialism; and the late Frederick Engels, who has died in London at the age of seventy-five, the associate and successor of Karl Marx, has left his mark strongly impressed upon the merely theoretic aspect of that momentous controversy. Whether all the discussions which have been so earnestly carried on, with benevolent and disinterested intentions, during nearly half a century, have gone far to solve the problem of inducing capital to place itself absolutely at the disposal of State-regulated labour may well be doubted; and that the State is incapable of creating sufficient capital, or of administering its complex application to the various industries and trades needful to meet the demands of modern society, is an objection which no abstract logic can remove. Mr. Engels, however, by his zealous efforts as an organising promoter of the "International," and by his diligence and ingenuity as a teacher and writer, has gained much personal esteem, and his sincerity has never been questioned. At one period he was engaged in a Manchester cotton-spinning business. His cremation at Woking Cemetery, on Saturday, Aug. 10, was attended by a large number of his friends and disciples; garlands and wreaths were sent from Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Ghent, Lyons, and other foreign cities, and speeches were delivered in eulogy of his character, and in favour of the principles he maintained.

"Ian Maclaren," who has been resting in Switzerland, had the satisfaction of seeing his book "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" in many hands at the various hotels and in the railway trains. It has just appeared in the Tauchnitz edition. Mr. Watson was in very good form when he lectured in Grindelwald recently. In speaking of the tendency of Scotsmen to travel south—and stay there—"Ian Maclaren" told a story of a Scotsman who turned the tables on an Englishman who had been alluding to the number of Scots in London. "Well," replied the Scot, "I know a place in Scotland where there are 30,000 Englishmen who never go back to their own country." "Why, wherever can such a crowd live?" said the Englishman, to whom the Scot drily remarked "Bannockburn!"

Marshal Martinez Campos, who is endeavouring to suppress the formidable insurrection in Cuba, is credited with a striking concession to the freedom of the Press. He is said to have sanctioned the publication of all "trustworthy" news, whether it tells for or against the Government, but he will not permit the circulation of "false news in favour of the rebels." What is "trustworthy" news in the judgment of the Marshal? That is rather an important point. The publication of a piece of perfectly accurate news might be extremely inconvenient for military renown, and might, therefore, be included in the category of "false news in favour of the rebels." The most straightforward policy was adopted by the Japanese, who, during

their struggle with China, took excellent care to prevent the transmission of any news whatever from the seat of war. What happened exactly in Manchuria no European knows to this day.

Every loyal Welshman, in whatever part of the world he may be living, looks with interest every year to the Eisteddfod.

This summer it was held at Llanelly, where the competitions began on July 30. The Rev. R. Williams (Hwfa Mon), the new Arch Druid, had previously opened the Gorsedd, and then an audience of over twenty thousand persons assembled in the great pavilion. Here Sir Arthur C. Owell-Stepney, Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir John Jenkins, M.P., and Professor Herkomer addressed enthusiastic crowds, and various adjudications were announced. Mr. William Lewis was awarded a prize of twenty pounds and a silver crown for an original poem, the Builth District Harmonic Society won a prize of £60, and the Pontypridd Cremona party was successful among small orchestras. Although the first day of the competition—if competition so solemn and ancient a Congress may be called—is not in fact the most important, it is that to which personal expectation always looks forward with greatest keenness; and, indeed, it appears that in ancient times the Congress lasted for not more than one day. The origin of the festival is lost, like the origin of so many Welsh traditions and functions, in the twilight of fable. But we have extant a letter from Queen Elizabeth summoning an Eisteddfod to meet at Caerwys "for May 26," 1568. At this date, it is said, some sixty bardic degrees were conferred upon aspiring candidates, who thereby won the right to travel and earn their bread as wandering minstrels. Sir Walter Scott's "Last Minstrel," therefore, who, considering his vast age at the beginning of the sixteenth century could not possibly have survived until 1568, had less to weep about than we have been taught to suppose. However, these seem to have been the last harvest of minstrels, for the assembling of no other Eisteddfod is recorded for considerably more than two centuries. To return to the recent ceremony, however, and the awards of the second day. On July 31 Lord Aberdare presided in the morning, and Mr. David Randell, M.P., in the afternoon. Mr. John Jenkins was the winner of a prize for the best libretto; Mr. H. Morriston gained a prize for a trombone solo, and Master Ewan Evans for a male alto solo. Sixteen choirs, each comprising less than fifty juveniles, entered into competition amid great interest from the audience, who hailed the Abercraidd choir as winner. The chief choral competition for £200, with £5 5s. given to the conductor for books by Messrs. Novello, resulted in a tie between the Rhymney and Merthyr choirs. Sir Joseph Barnby, one of the most competent living judges, said that in the Principality they had reached the highest point they could possibly attain in the matter of choral and vocal music. Let them keep it up; but let them remember they had other kingdoms to conquer. They had to produce orchestras that

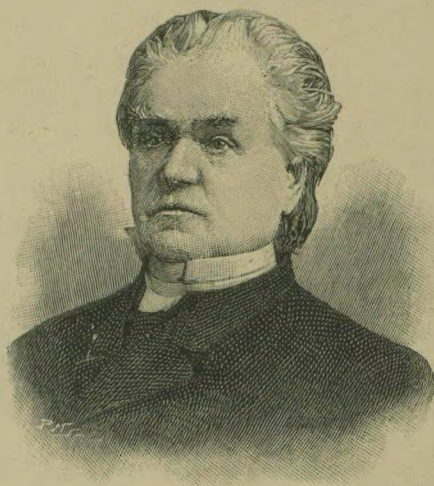


Photo by Lettsome and Sons.

THE REV. R. WILLIAMS,
The New Arch Druid of Wales.

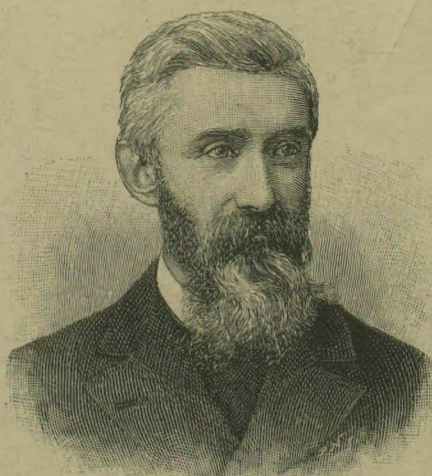


Photo by Lettsome and Sons.

THE REV. J. R. WILLIAMS,
Winner of the Chair Prize at the Eisteddfod.

were as fine as their choirs; they had also to produce composers. Other awards were the prize for a clarinet solo to Mr. T. Cook, Merthyr; for a trio to Miss Morris and Messrs. Foster and Hughes; for soprano solo to Mrs. Arnold Thomas, Llanelly; for the best brass band to the Morriston party. Our portraits are of the new Arch Druid, who fulfilled all his duties with becoming fervour; and of the Rev. J. R. Williams (Pedrog), the winner of the Chair prize, who was enthusiastically greeted.

Are Parliamentary lockers safe from forcible entry? A member of the late Parliament says that he was peremptorily requested by an official to return the key of his locker at the House of Commons. There was some delay, and the locker was opened by force and the contents tossed unceremoniously aside. This story is denied, but the matter calls for inquiry. Perhaps some friend of the aggrieved legislator who has lost both his locker and his seat will move for a Select Committee to investigate the alleged outrage.

A very interesting catalogue of the pictures hanging in the royal galleries of Buckingham Palace and Windsor

Castle, together with a quantity of reproductions of those pictures, has just been issued by Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl (16, Pall Mall East). The little volume has been published by the special permission of the Queen, and the pictures are reproduced in Mr. Hanfstaengl's permanent carbon process. Here, for example, are Van Dyck's superb equestrian portrait of Charles I., belonging to the Windsor Castle collection, the portrait of Rubens by himself, Holbein the younger's portrait of Henry Guisford, a very sweet Greuze, and a series of six portraits by Holbein which, in their way, are wonderfully true and fine, and could not easily be bettered. The catalogue notes the existence, in the two galleries combined, of some 224 pictures.

Several editors and authors are resting temporarily from their labours in Switzerland. Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, is staying near Lake Thun, his holiday all the happier because of the sensation caused by Dr. E. J. Dillon's Armenian article in the August number of the *Review*. Dr. Robertson Nicoll and a well-known novelist have represented literature at Mürren. Mr. Joseph Hocking, whose story, "All Men are Liars," shows that he shares the ability of his brother, Silas K. Hocking, has been paying a hasty visit to Grindelwald, where several other writers could be seen. There seem to be more Scotch folks travelling on the Continent than one used to meet, and many Dutch people are at present appreciating the contrast between flat Holland and hilly Switzerland.

Mr. W. Heinemann is about to publish one volume of selections from Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Note Books, under the title of "Anima Poetæ," which should create something like a sensation in the literary world. We understand that the volume contains some of Coleridge's best writing, outside and always excepting some half-dozen poems.

An eminent German political historian, Heinrich von Sybel, Professor of History during many years at the University of Bonn, and for some time at the University of Marburg, has died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. From 1848 to 1870 he was an active Liberal Conservative politician, and became a steadfast supporter of the German Empire, having been elected to a seat in the Federal Diet. His

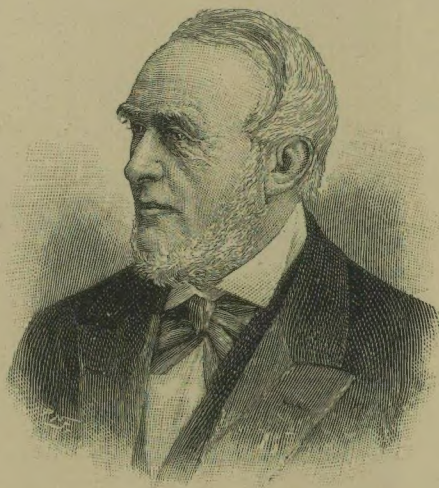


Photo by Encke, Berlin.

THE LATE PROFESSOR VON SYBEL.

researches into the modern history of Germany, however, and especially into the foreign relations of the Kingdom of Prussia and its dealings with Austria and with France, rendered still more valuable service to the national cause. One of his most important works, a "History of the French Revolution," in four volumes, was translated by Mr. W. C. Perry, about twenty years ago, and has obtained high esteem in England; another, the "History of the Establishment of the German Empire by William I.," is left unfinished. In 1875 the author was appointed Director of the Prussian State Archives at Berlin. Professor von Sybel's writings are many and various, but nearly all of them consist of historical and critical discussions of the affairs of Germany and of Europe, regarded from the national point of view, showing an acute insight into the motives of statesmen and the effect of diplomatic transactions.

The *Revue de Paris* is about to publish a series of letters which should have a very high personal as well as literary value. These are the confidential communications made by Ernest Renan to his sister Henriette in his scholastic days, just at the moment when the young seminarist was wavering between tradition and its gigantic influences and that which appeared to him as the reasonable rejection of the Scriptures. Renan, in after days, has explained very lucidly, and with all his personal charm of style, that crisis through which he passed during this period; but it will be far more interesting to read his thoughts set down, as it were, just at the moment of the crisis, when the emotion was a present and a pressing experience in his life. We gather that the letters are extremely outspoken.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has been at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. On Tuesday, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg returned from Germany. On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 10, the German Emperor came from his steam-yacht the *Hohenzollern* to take leave of the Queen and the royal family, and in the evening left Cowes for the North of England to visit the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale at Lowther Castle. Among her Majesty's recent visitors at Osborne have been Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, the Marquis of Lorne, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Duke of Devonshire, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, and the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York dined with the Queen and the German Emperor at Osborne. Her Majesty on Monday, Aug. 12, held a second private investiture of the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, and the Distinguished Service Order, conferring the honour of knighthood upon several gentlemen, and appointing others to be Companions of those orders. On Tuesday, the Queen held a Council with several of her Ministers. The Marquis of Lansdowne is the Minister attending her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales leaves England for Homburg, and the Princess of Wales, with two of her daughters, goes to visit her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark, at Copenhagen.

The Emperor William has been grouse-shooting on the moors in Westmorland, but the rainy weather has prevented his seeing much of the Lakes. He goes on to Leith, and embarks in the *Hohenzollern* to return to Germany.

The King of the Belgians came over to London on Monday for an interview with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, probably about the Congo, but returned next day to Brussels.

The British Institute of Public Health has been holding its Conference at Hull, closing on Tuesday, Aug. 13, under the presidency of the Mayor, Alderman Richardson. It has discussed such questions as those of water-supply, public slaughter-houses for cattle and sheep, cremation under the municipal authority, the burning of dust and refuse, diphtheria in schools, and other matters of sanitary improvement and the prevention of disease.

The cavalry manoeuvres on the Berkshire Downs are beginning early this year, under the direction of Major-General Luck, Inspector-General of Cavalry, successor to the late Lieutenant-General Keith Fraser. The regiments, of which there are six, including the 2nd Life Guards and the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys), are training at Aldershot.

The Aldershot division of troops, under command of the Duke of Connaught, is preparing for the military manoeuvres to be performed in the New Forest, with camps on Ocknell Plain, at Rockford, and at Godshill, in the higher moorland part of that district, to the north-west. Sir Charles Warren and Sir W. F. Butler commanded the two divisions in the field.

President Faure has been visiting Havre, Dieppe, and Fécamp, in Normandy, without any notable official or public demonstrations.

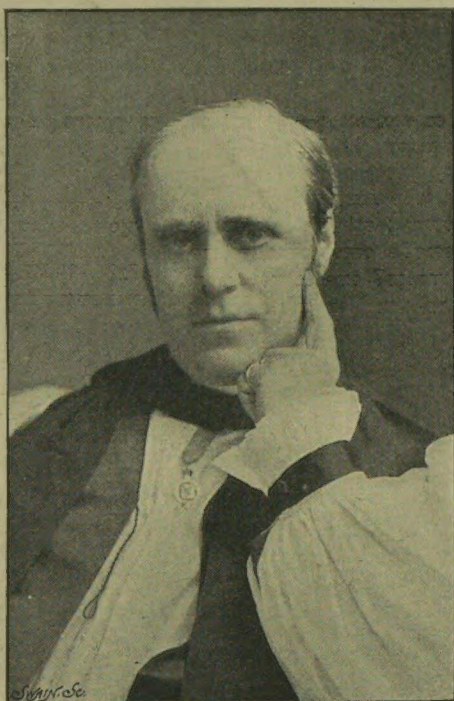
Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, as yet still claiming to be ruler of Bulgaria, has suddenly returned to that country, appearing without any suite at Sofia on Monday evening, when he was received by official persons, but without much popular welcome. He is seeking recognition from Russia.

The Turkish governors of Macedonia again complain of the incursions of armed bands of Bulgarians over the frontier to assist in the local insurrection, attacking the villages inhabited by the Pomaks, or Mussulman natives of Macedonia.

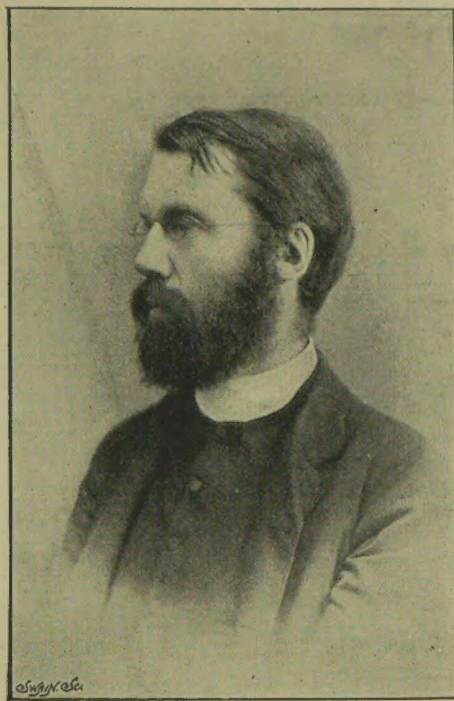
The British, French, and Russian Ambassadors at Constantinople have been conferring together upon the

unsatisfactory reply of the Sultan's Government to the joint demand of reforms and of European control in the future administration of the Armenian provinces. The European Commissioners of Inquiry have returned to the capital. English newspapers reporting or commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's speech at Chester were stopped in Turkey.

Tourists in Norway regret the sudden destruction by fire, on Friday, Aug. 9, of the well-known Hardanger



THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
THE RIGHT REV. RANDALL T. DAVIDSON, D.D.



THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,
THE REV. E. S. TALBOT, D.D.

Hotel, at Odde, on the Hardanger Fjord, where thirty or forty visitors were staying, who have lost their luggage. Several adjoining houses, including that of the English chaplain, were burnt.

The British and American Consuls at Foo-chow, Mr. R. Mansfield and Mr. Hixson, with several of the missionaries, and with a strong escort of Chinese soldiers, furnished by the provincial Government, set forth on Tuesday, Aug. 13, to make personal inquiries at Ku-chen about the massacre of the Rev. R. W. Stewart, with his family and the ladies of the mission at Wha-sang. At Tientsin and other cities of China the British and American residents have held meetings to demand energetic interference for the protection of their countrymen.

The decision of the British Indian Government to maintain garrisons permanently along the route to Chitral is highly approved by public opinion in India, though some military critics demur to the choice of stations. There are to be six or eight companies of the 25th Punjab Infantry, with two Maxim guns, at Chitral; a battalion of the 3rd Goorkhas, with two mountain guns, under Colonel Hutchinson, at Kala Darosh, twenty-five miles from

THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The translation of the Bishop of Rochester to the see of Winchester, though it is a repetition of the change of position that was made in 1891, when the late Bishop A. W. Thorold was removed from the see of Rochester to that which has recently become vacant through his lamented death, is not an arrangement for which any considerations of precedent could be cited, but it is one recommended by the personal esteem felt for the Right Rev. Dr. Randall Davidson and by his known qualifications for the episcopal office. Winchester—as the most ancient seat of English royalty, and as the diocese which gave a residence and title to several of the most eminent prelates, statesmen as well as churchmen, in the Plantagenet reigns—has a high degree of historic dignity, and its Bishop, being the prelate of the Order of the Garter, is immediately associated with her Majesty's Court. The latter circumstance has probably been deemed a special reason for making Dr. Davidson now Bishop of Winchester, since he held, from 1883 to 1891, while Dean of Windsor, the Resident Queen's Chaplaincy and the Registrarship of the Order of the Garter, and has also been Clerk of the Closet in the Royal Household. He was born in 1848, was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Oxford, and was five years chaplain and private secretary to Archbishop Tait, whose daughter he married in 1878. He has written many occasional essays upon topics of ecclesiastical history, and in 1878 and 1888 took an active part in arranging the Anglican Church Conferences at Lambeth. He is, jointly with Canon Benham, author of a biographical memoir of Archbishop

Tait, his father-in-law, to whom he was a valuable assistant in the late Primate's work.

THE BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF ROCHESTER.

The unwritten law which ordains that the Vicar of Leeds shall become a Bishop or a Dean has not been evaded by Dr. Talbot. After public opinion had designated him to a variety of sees, he has at last accepted the invitation of a Conservative Premier to become Bishop of Rochester. The Bishop-Designate is the second son of the late Hon. J. C. Talbot, Q.C. His school was Charterhouse, and thence he went up to Christ Church, Oxford. There he took a Double First (Classics and Law) and the Ellerton Theological Prize. For years he was known as the Warden of Keble. Then, when Dr. Jayne became Bishop of Chester, the trustees of Leeds Parish Church offered the vicarage to Dr. Talbot. The new Vicar could hardly be expected to win the popularity of Dr. Hook or Dr. Woodford or Dr. Gott; but he earned the respect and esteem of all. He proved himself a good financier in the parish and an excellent parish priest. Dr. Talbot has warmly interested himself in University settlement work in London, and is no stranger to many of the most difficult problems to be met in the South London diocese. He married a daughter of the late Lord Lyttelton and sister of Lady Frederick Cavendish.

ARTILLERY MEETING, SHOEBOURNNESS.

The meeting of the National Artillery Association at Shoeboourness dispersed on Saturday, Aug. 10, when the tents were removed and the encampment of Volunteer Artillery Corps was broken up. The highest honours in the shooting competitions this year have been won by the 3rd Kent Corps (Woolwich Royal Arsenal) and the 1st Essex, carrying off the two Queen's Prizes, one for garrison artillery,

the other for position artillery, which were offered for the first time upon this occasion. The prize for garrison artillery was taken by the group of the 1st Essex under command of Captain Holmes, who made an aggregate of 249 points; they won also the City of London and City Companies' Challenge Cup. The Stradbroke Challenge Cup and badges were won by the third detachment of the 3rd Kent, whose section commander was Sergeant-Major Pearson; and the Officers' Cup by that of the same corps under Captain Nicholls.

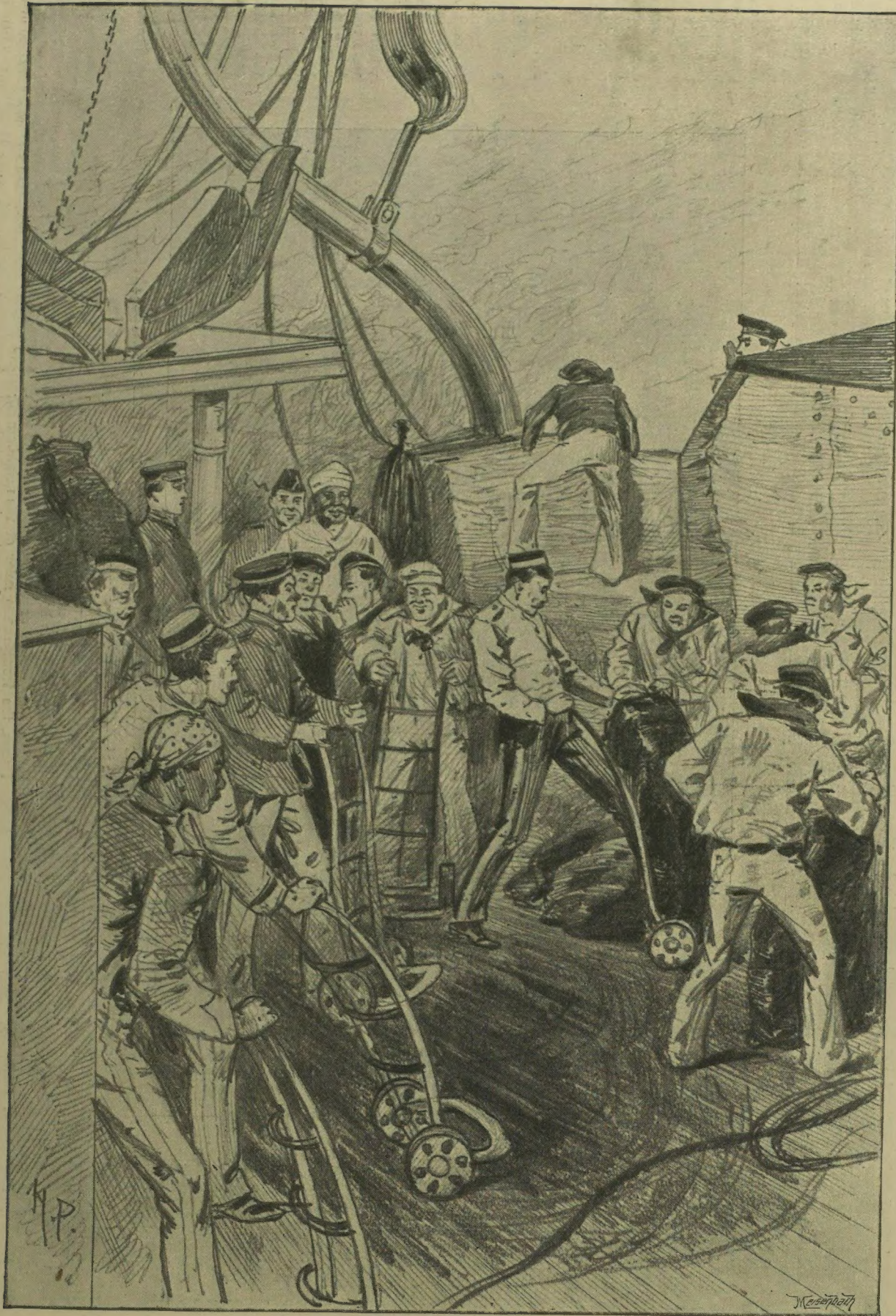


WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT SHOEBOURNNESS: THE FOURTH GROUP OF THE 1ST ESSEX ARTILLERY,
COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN HOLMES.

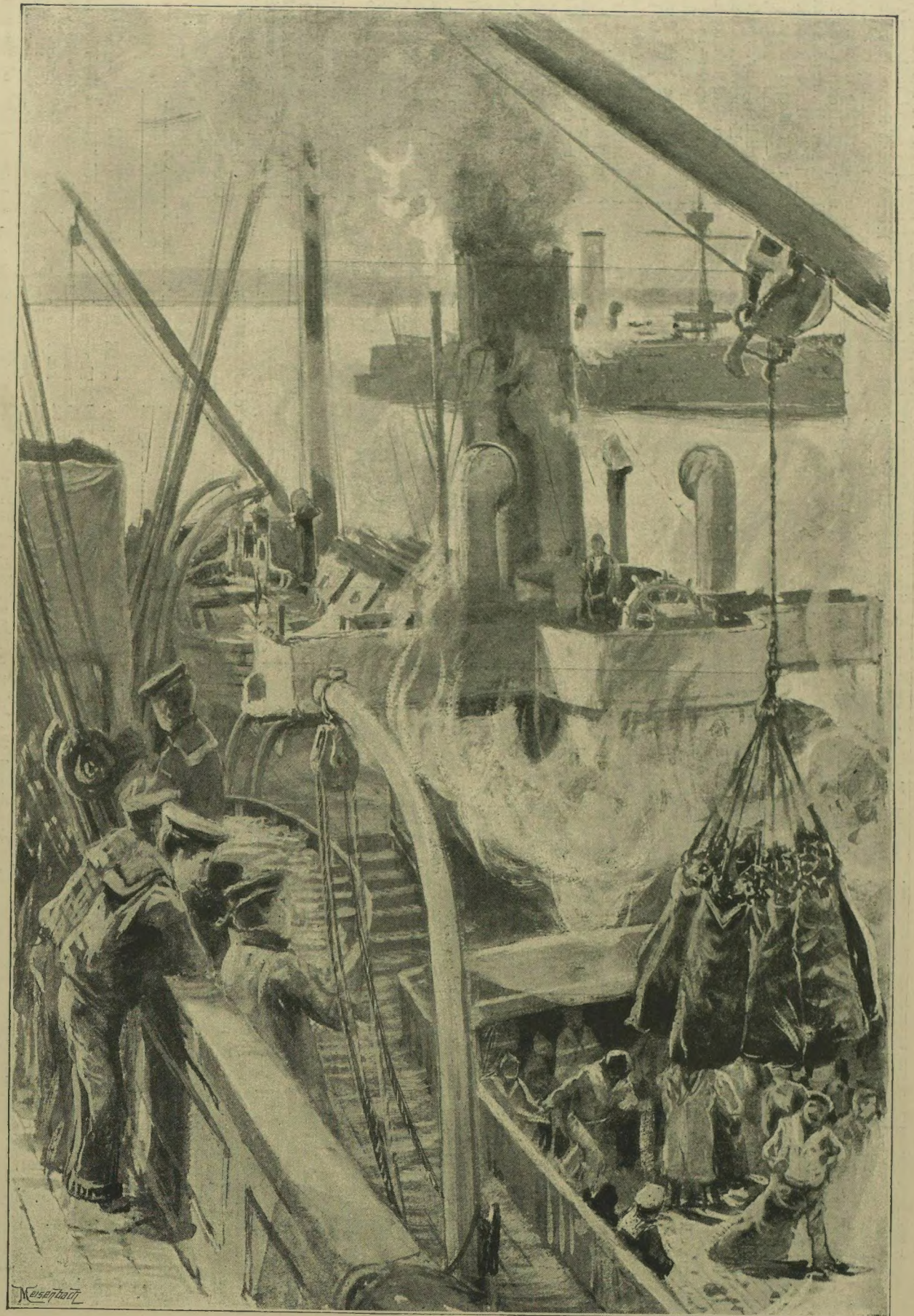
Chitral; and garrisons at the crest of the Malakand Pass and at the bridge over the Swat River, under General Waterfield. The Khan of Dir engages to keep the Lowara Pass.

In British East Africa, or Uganda, the hostilities with Kabba Regga, the troublesome ruler of the neighbouring kingdom, Unyoro, seem to have been victoriously concluded by Major Cunningham, since the operations of the late Captain Dunning in March last. Kabba Regga's army has been routed and dispersed, and he has fled across the Nile into the Bakedi country.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.



H.M.S. "REPULSE" COALING AT BANTRY BAY.



COLLIER ALONGSIDE H.M.S. "REPULSE," WITH SAILORS AND MARINES IN THE HOLD.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

MY niece Mary is a very tiresome girl. She has worried me, more or less, ever since she was four years old, when she came running up against me with a large worm in her dirty little fingers, exclaiming, "Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! See what a fine snake I've found! I'm going to wash it and keep it tame!"

I was young then, and was trying to marry Captain Patten, in obedience to my mother's orders, and the child worried me because I had to go and change my dress for that day's try. "Trial," I suppose I ought to say, only it does not express my meaning so well. Well, the girl has worried me much in the same way ever since, and that is seven-and-twenty years ago if it's a day. I did not marry Captain Patten, principally because he never asked me. I am not sure that it was not my niece's fault, too; for the little plague one day got hold of the mustard-pot off the dining-room sideboard, and while the Captain, who had dropped in to tea, was talking to me at the window, deposited a portion of its contents in the hot cup of tea which stood awaiting his leisure. I don't think she did it with any evil intention. She was almost too young to have harboured the idea of playing such a trick, but unfortunately the effect was just the same as if her design had been deep and wicked.

The Captain drank off his tea, with loving glances, as I hopefully thought, at me, but his countenance visibly changed after a few moments, and, unable to control the sensations created within him by the mustard and hot tea, he rushed frantically from the room in much the same condition as a bad sailor halfway between Dover and Calais in a Channel steamer. There is nothing a man dislikes so much as being made the subject of a practical joke the effect of which is to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of those before whom he wishes to be seen to best advantage, and my Captain was in this respect by no means superior to the generality of mankind. Whether or no he imagined that I had any share in the trick which had been played him I cannot say, but he never came to the point—or nearly to the point—again, whereas I feel sure that, but for the freak of that abominable child, I should have been booked as Mrs. Patten that evening. The man went soon afterwards to India, and died, but that is neither here nor there; but for that niece of mine I should have been a wedded wife for some seven-and-twenty years to-day—unless, indeed, he had died all the same, in which case I should have been a widow, of course, but with the satisfaction of knowing that I had fulfilled that which my dear departed mother always called the true mission of woman—namely, to get married.

This is all nonsense, however; things are as



The little plague one day got hold of the mustard-pot

they were ordered to be, and here I am an old maid, if the truth must be told; and here is my niece Mary. Well, you wouldn't think her past thirty to look at her and hear her talk. In my younger days women were grown-up women at thirty, staid and sober, as became persons who were actually approaching middle age. Nowadays they are girls—every bit as much girls as at sixteen, with their short petticoats, and their frills and furbelows, and their hair hanging down their backs, and their high spirits that knock you this way and that, and make you do everything you don't want to, and turn things topsy-turvy after the most extraordinary fashion.

But the world is altogether changed since the days of which I speak, and not changed for the better either, according to my view of the case. Then, indeed, grandmothers used to be grandmothers, and wore caps and thick silk gowns, and respectable bonnets upon their venerable heads, walked in a dignified and stately manner, drove out in chariots, and were generally respected by the younger members of their families. Nowadays they are apparently as young as their grandchildren, rushing about in cocky hats and feathers more becoming to the latter, dressing themselves up in short flimsy frocks, and allowing persons of the other sex to drive them about in wagonettes and other carriages as flimsy as their frocks. The world is turned upside down, and that's all about it! Why, in those good old days mothers stayed at home and minded their own children, and when a woman married she looked upon her dancing days as over, and her gay days as things of the past.

My dear mother used to say that she never left the country from the day she married until her youngest child was six-and-twenty, and then she took her second honeymoon with my father, and they went to the same place where their first honeymoon was spent. Bless you, nowadays people must have their honeymoons every year. "Change of air" they call it: I wonder what is the matter with the air that it wants changing so often! And then everybody must needs see every place that anybody else has seen. My nephew James took his wife to Jerusalem last year—

"Such a chance, Aunt Jane! So-and-So are going, and they are so clever at travelling that they will save us a world of bother and trouble—and then, you know, Edith has never seen Jerusalem!"

"I don't suppose she has," replied I; "and I'll be bound she won't die a bit sooner if she never does see it; but pray who is to take care of the children?"

"Oh! the brats?—Mary will go over and see them once a week or so, and Edith has every confidence in her nurse. Parker is quite a treasure; such a superior person, and has been with us six months—nearly."

So "the brats" were left to the care of a new

nurse, who could not care twopence about them, and a sister who lived five miles off and who never got on well with children yet, while the gay parents went off for six months to enjoy themselves. And, to my mind, the worst feature of the case was that they *did* enjoy themselves. I could almost wish that they had caught the leprosy, or gone down to Jericho and fallen among thieves, or had, at all events, had some misadventure sufficient to make them long for their home comforts and surroundings. Not a bit of it: they came home as happy as merry-andrews, full of delight at all they had seen, and without appearing to consider that they had done anything unnatural or extraordinary. And Edith is by way of being an affectionate mother, too! It doesn't bear thinking of.

And then about the dancing. I'm positively told that girls can hardly find partners nowadays. Men like better to dance and to flirt with young married women. It is safer, they think. I declare I'm out of patience with the world, and all the things and people in it. But I'm not sure that the girls of thirty or forty who persist in being girlish still are not the worst of the whole lot. How are you to know aunt from niece, I should like to know. They dress alike, they talk alike, and (as far as they can) they flirt alike. "Where's the respect?" I ask.

"Oh! I want no respect from my niece," says Mary.

"More fool you, my dear," say I. "Now, there you are draped and bedizened out like a flaunting young hussy of eighteen; how much more respectable you would be in a quiet, plain, dark silk, and a bonnet tied decently under your chin!"

And what do you think the girl answered, as pert as a magpie, if you please?

"Aunt Jane, will you *never* understand that I don't want to be respectable? I'd sooner by far be ugly! Respectability is odious!"

Well, I really believe she is right. "Respectability" is odious to the present generation, being altogether too "slow" for them. I may as well tell you now that this precious niece of mine has insisted upon my writing this paper, and she must just put up with what she finds in it. I am to tell the story of our expedition to a seaside place which I should certainly never have visited but for her. She found out one day that I had never lived in lodgings during the whole course of my life, and she never gave me a moment's rest from that time forth, until she had turned me out of our comfortable home at Fearnley Manor-house, and established me in a lodging-house by the seaside.

For fear I should say anything unjust about the place, I won't tell its real name. Hanslip will do as well as any other, and Hanslip it shall be. Well, all I have to say about seaside places and seaside lodging-houses may be summed up in a very few words, supposing them to be all like that of which I now write. I don't know what penal servitude is like, I have never undergone hard labour, and am profoundly ignorant of the interior of a prison. I am told, however, that our prisons in England are made so comfortable nowadays that people not infrequently commit crimes on purpose to get into them. If this is true, someone ought immediately to make a law to place all such poor wretches in seaside lodging-houses, and it is my firm opinion that, as a prevention of crime, this would have more effect than any punishment which has as yet been devised.

We took rooms on the ground-floor at first. I wanted to take a house and bring my own servants. Oh dear no! That wouldn't do at all. Why, we should see nothing of life! We might as well be shut up at Fearnley (I wish we had been!) all the time. Take a footman! Why, what on earth was I thinking of? Half the fun would be having a maid to wait on us. Their dresses are always "so deliciously absurd," and then we should hear all about the other lodgers, and all the current gossip of the place, which would be the greatest fun in the world. Of course, there must be other lodgers, and we should have to meet and pass them, and bow to them on the stairs, and it would be so odd, living in the same house with people whom we didn't know, and wondering who and what they were, and where they came from and what was their history, while all the time they would very likely be wondering exactly the same things about us. In short, life in lodgings was sure to be perfectly delightful, and I should certainly "see something of the world," which I innocently thought I had been doing for nearly—well, I won't say how many years.

"Take your own way, child," said I—as I generally do say, first or last. "Only don't expect me to go bowing on the stairs to perfect strangers, or talking to the maid as if I had no better friend to talk to, and required gossip to keep me alive. If I were you, Mary, I should be ashamed to be always talking of 'fun' with my thirtieth birthday in its grave."

Between ourselves, I was not over-anxious to take a footman. David would have been out of the question, as he has not left the plate for forty years, and, indeed, I do not suppose that he would have consented to go even if I had proposed it. Then, as to John, he is hardly five-and-thirty, and I should not like to have exposed him to the temptations of a gay watering-place. Of course, I could not stir without Staines. Lodging-house or no lodging-house, one must have one's own maid. Staines, too, had peculiar qualifications of her own. Several of her connections being naval, and her first cousin once removed having

married the cook or purser or some other officer of a Queen's ship, she naturally knows all about the sea, and I thought she might be useful. Besides, no one else can arrange my front. Mary tried to persuade me to let her do it; but I cannot bear to have it bobbing down on my nose, or pushed back till my own grey hairs peep obtrusively out.

Well, so we took a sitting-room on the ground floor. "Puff! my love," said I as I came in. "What a horrid smell of bad pitch and dry dust! I declare it's enough to make a cat sick."

"Pitch, Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Mary. "Why, it's the sweetest, loveliest sea-smell that ever was invented. It's all salt—all—every bit of it—briny waves, you know, and all that."

"Don't talk to me of briny waves, child," replied I, quite put out at her perverseness: "Briny fiddlestick, indeed! It's downright pitch and nothing else. I never smelt such a disagreeable smell in my life. I can't put up with it—I can't indeed. I'm not going to sit here with this smell!"

"But you must, Aunt Jane. It's worse outside; it's everywhere. It's the sea! Only think of that! The glorious blue sea, the soul-inspiring ocean!"

"Don't tell me of souls and oceans, child. It inspires my nose, if you like, and in a very unpleasant manner, and if this is the best smell it has got, I wish to goodness I had never come near it!"

At this the heartless girl only laughed; but it was no laughing matter to me. Smells I cannot endure, and the smell of pitch I never could abide, and here was the concentrated essence of the worst pitch ever made, apparently the natural smell of the place, and which I was actually expected to enjoy! Well, I tried the back room and the side room, but the smell was everywhere—it was there, and meant to stop there: there was no getting away from it, so the only thing to be done was to make up my mind to bear it, and hope that it might turn out to be as wholesome as Mary represented it to be.

About ten minutes before dinner-time I was sitting alone in the most comfortable, or, rather, the least uncomfortable, armchair I had been able to find, and trying to feel quite happy and satisfied, but without the least success. Suddenly the door burst open with a crash, and a young lady bounced into the room. She was dressed in a flimsy skirt with one flounce round the edge, and a jacket of clear white muslin showing the work of the petticoat underneath, and fastened at the waist, neck, and wrists with not over-clean blue ribbons. The hair was piled on the very top of her head about a foot high, and her air was one of conscious superiority to the world around her, mingled with a resolute determination to do her duty in that world with the least possible delay. I rose hastily, with what my niece always calls my old-fashioned civility, and was upon the point of telling the stranger that she had mistaken her room, when she rushed up to the window, shut it with a bang, and marched away leaving the door wide open.

I was still standing breathless with astonishment, spectacles in hand, when Mary entered, followed by the same young lady, who flung a table-cloth on the table with a plump that made me jump nearly out of my skin.

"Aunt Jane, are you ready for dinner? Here's the maid come to lay the cloth."

"Do you mean to say that girl is to wait on us?" said I in amazement. Mary laughed heartily as she came to help me to the table, for I look for these little attentions, being well on in years and inclined to be stout—or, rather, stout very much against my inclination. The hussy of a girl herself was grinning from ear to ear, and not wishing to encourage familiarity, I just gave her one of my looks, and then took my seat at the table.

I shall never forget that dinner. The girl kept rushing in and out, breathing loudly in our very faces, slamming the door when she condescended to shut it at all, but much more frequently leaving it open; clattering the plates, knocking over the cruets, displaying her poor overworked coarse red hands before our eyes in a manner to repel an appetite in the slightest degree fastidious, and putting her obnoxious sleeves into our plates in a perfectly marvellous, but none the less disagreeable fashion. At last I could bear it no longer. I pushed back my chair.

"Either she leaves the room or I do!" said I, in a firm and determined tone. The girl stared in evident astonishment, while Mary went off into one of her silly fits of laughter.

But we got on better after this, for she sent the girl away, and waited on me herself. That better was but bad, however, for such discomfort I had never before experienced. I solemnly declare that there was not a fork that had not half the plating rubbed off, nor a plate that was not more or less cracked—generally more. The soup was greasy, the fish fried with bad butter, the chicken swimming in blacks, the bread sour, and the butter a shapeless mass of some uneatable compound with which honest country cream had never had much to do. Every knife, fork, spoon, and plate had to be carefully rubbed before it was fit to be used, and to crown all, the table-cloth fitted the table so badly, or was laid so clumsily, that Mary's foot caught in a hole in it, and the whole paraphernalia came to the ground with a crash.

It was over at last, and we sat down to rest in the armchairs near the window.

"Now we shall have the delicious smell of the sea," said Mary, rather maliciously, I think.

"If *that* is the sea smell," I retorted, "we needn't have come so far to seek for it; you might have had it to perfection at home last week, when old Martin was tarring the fence in the kitchen-garden."

We sat a few moments in what poets would probably call pensive silence.

"Dear me!" said I, "here's a new smell now, I suppose that's the rocks, or the beach, or the ships. Faugh! I can't sit here any longer!"

"It's only somebody's dinner, Aunt Jane," said Mary, with a smile. "Perhaps they are giving a dinner next door." She stepped out of the window and looked about. "I am afraid it is cooking, Aunt Jane," she said. "We seem to be just over a kitchen."

And so we were. And all that evening we were half poisoned by odours which steamed up through a grating just underneath our windows. Even Mary did not enjoy this state of things, and was ready enough to move, which we accordingly did the very next day, after a battle royal with our landlady, who used language to which I was wholly unaccustomed, insisted upon a week's rent, and turned us out bag and baggage before twelve o'clock. We took rooms in one of the squares.

"Quiet enough *here* even for you, Aunt Jane," said Mary, and I could not deny the fact. It certainly *did* look more promising: the cooking was better, the servant more quiet and respectable-looking, the sea out of sight, and altogether there was an air of greater refinement about the place. I felt more comfortable, and pretended not to see that Mary still furtively cleaned every article that was brought to table.

After luncheon my niece went out walking, and I sat in the window, knitting and looking out on the square. Presently a motley troop, dressed in fantastic costume, came down the street, and seeing me at the window, stopped immediately opposite, with many bows and gesticulations of an absurd character, but decidedly annoying when aimed at a respectable lady of a certain age. The faces of the men were black, they showed the whites of their eyes (which they rolled horribly) in a positively painful manner, and evidently intended to represent themselves as negroes, though I had sense enough to know that they were nothing of the sort. They carried instruments which it requires a stretch of courtesy to call musical, but which were certainly most efficacious in producing sounds. A most terrible and, to my ears, discordant noise arose from these tiresome creatures: screaming songs, startling shouts, yells, rattling of bones, scraping and twanging of instruments—in short, there was din enough to have awakened the dead, as the saying is, though I suppose the living are at all times much more likely to be affected by such an occurrence.

I stopped my ears to show my dislike of the proceeding, and shook my head till I was crimson to signify that I did not want the men or their music to stop opposite *my* window; but no sign that I could make seemed to have the smallest effect upon my tormentors, who only increased their deafening noise. Indeed, when they stopped for an instant, it was only that one of their number might sing a verse, at the conclusion of which they gave vent to insane and unnatural laughter, and then recommenced their din, from time to time pausing for another verse. A crowd began to gather, and I soon perceived that I shared their attention with my tormentors, for the boys began to point at me and utter shouts of derision of a rude and shameful character. To this they were doubtless excited by the words of the singer, who criticised everybody and everything in his doggerel rhymes, and made me one of their principal objects. In fact, one of his verses still runs in my head, abominably personal and impertinent as it was—

Fat ole lady grumble and frown—
Nigger boys singing below—
Fat ole lady just gib half-a-crown,
Nigger boys berry soon go!

I give the rascals half-a-crown! No, nor half a penny either, if I knew it! I became more and more furious, and strove to rise from my chair, but my stick had fallen down and I could not reach it, so there I sat a helpless victim, for though I can get along very well with my stick in hand, without it I can move but little of late years. I struggled to get out of my chair; but my efforts were in vain, and only increased the merriment of the crowd. The position was really becoming critical, and how it would have ended I cannot say, if Providence had not sent me a deliverer in my hour of need, who I verily believed saved me from a fit of apoplexy, if from nothing worse.

A well-dressed man, whom I say at once was a gentleman, from his appearance and demeanour, as well as from his subsequent action, happened to pass by at this moment, and glancing upwards at my window, saw in an instant the position of affairs. Pushing his way quickly through the crowd, he walked into the house and up the stairs, and with a polite apology for the intrusion, helped me to move away from the window, and saw me safely seated on a sofa at one side of the room. He then uttered a few words of regret for the annoyance to which I had been exposed, and expressed his pleasure at having been able to be of service to me. He would hardly wait for my thanks, but hurried

away as if positively ashamed of having done a kind action, for such, indeed, it had been, and I felt uncommonly grateful.

As soon as I was no longer visible at the window, the band of musicians found no interest in remaining opposite the house, and accordingly they presently disappeared, and scarcely had I been relieved of their presence before my niece returned. I must do her the justice to say that she was properly distressed at what had occurred, and did all she could to make me comfortable. For my part, I was all of a tremble, and it was some time before I could recover my composure sufficiently to tell the whole story. Mary was anxious for a description of the gentleman, about whose movements she questioned me with greater particularity than I thought the occasion required, until at last I said: "There, my dear, that'll do—ask me no more questions—the man was a gentleman, that's clear enough, and did a kind action, which I'm sure he'll never regret. Kind actions always bring their own reward."

"I think *this* one has, at all events, Aunt Jane," quietly observed Mary, "where's your gold watch and seals that were on the table behind you when we went out?"

It was too true. My watch—my favourite watch, for it had belonged to my great-grandfather, and was worth forty pounds if it was worth a penny—and my three seals—the heavy gold seal with the family crest (two rabbits feeding on parsley under a tree), the white cornelian seal with my father's name upon it, and the small red seal with a forget-me-not on it, which was a very old keepsake—all were gone! They had been there when Mary went out—no one but the polite gentleman had been into the room since—there was but one inference to be drawn, and that was a painful and disappointing one, but none the less certainly correct. My polite gentleman was nothing more nor less than a well-dressed and clever thief, who knew how to take advantage of opportunities which fell in his way, and had found one but too easily in my unprotected position. I was half mad with vexation, and to do myself justice, I must say that I think I was almost less vexed at my loss, considerable as it was, than at the overthrow of the pleasant theory I had established with regard to my deliverer from my negro tormentors, whom I had settled in my own mind to be a well connected and chivalrous gentleman, and who was suddenly discovered to be something so entirely the reverse. One never likes to be mistaken in one's judgment, and my mistake had been proved so very soon, and under circumstances so disagreeable to myself, that it was doubly hard to bear.

My niece was too wise to press her condolences upon me beyond a certain point, but her comforting took the more practical turn of endeavouring to recover the stolen property. She went at once to the library, and thence obtained the address of the Superintendent of Police, with whom she immediately communicated. This has nothing to do with the story which I set out to tell, and therefore I need not follow up the whole course of the proceedings which followed. My readers, however, will be glad to hear that, although the polite gentleman was never caught, my watch, chain, and seals were eventually restored to me, having been pawned by the thief, and by great good luck been recovered, though of the means taken to obtain them I know no more than that I had to pay more money than I liked.

When my niece had returned from the library, and I had somewhat recovered from the effects of my recent

adventure, I began to expostulate with her for having left me for so long a time in such an exposed position.

"Dearest Aunt," she replied in an apologetic tone, "I knew you had your stick close at hand, and, of course,

I could not foresee that it would roll off the table and drop down out of reach. Besides, I really was not away for an hour altogether."

"And that was an hour too long, Mary," rejoined I severely. "Here are we two poor creatures cast together, as one may say, not indeed upon a desert island, but in a strange place and under conditions which are new to one of us at least. We must stand by each other, or what will become of us? I desire you don't leave me again, Mary: where you go, there go I."

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I," hummed the silly child with one of her everlasting smiles. "Very well, dear Aunt Jane, we will both cull the sweets together, and I hope you'll like it as much as I do." I had no immediate reply to make to this, which appeared to me rather a foolish speech, and so I remained silent, still puffing and panting from the excitement which I had recently undergone.

At that moment I was made to jump almost out of my skin by a new surprise—the loud, clear note of a large bell sounded in my ears, apparently so close that it might as well have been in the room, instead of, as was really the case, just outside the window. Three times was the sound repeated, and then followed a hoarse, deep voice—

"Lost! On Tuesday last, on the Marine Parade, a small black-and-tan terrier, answers to the name of Boxer. Whosoever will bring the same to the Crier will receive the reward of ten shillings. No further reward will be offered for poor old Boxer. God save the Queen, and bless all 'appy families!"

It was really too much. Peace and quiet seemed to be entire strangers to this place, and one's life to be constantly interrupted by some fresh noise. "I cannot stand it any longer, Mary; I positively *cannot* stand it. These repeated shocks will certainly bring me to my grave. You'll have



He was met by a roar and a blow, supplemented by several severe pokes with my umbrella.

to take me away in my coffin, if you won't take me away in a carriage—there, send for Staines at once, and I'll go and lie down a bit."

My niece left the room, and I leaned my head upon my hands, which rested upon my stick, and began to think over life and all its troubles. For one moment there was peace; the next, something bounced into the room through the door, which Mary had left ajar, rushed violently against my stick, which it knocked from under me so that I fell suddenly and helplessly upon my hands and knees, while a huge curly-haired black dog, apparently taking me for a new kind of hedgehog, danced round me in a state of joyous excitement, barking vehemently, and evidently considering it all an excellent joke.

At this instant Mary and Staines both came running hastily into the room, while the voice of a man outside the door called loudly, "Rover, come here, Sir." Rover, however, was busily employed in licking first Mary's hands and, secondly, my face, which in my unfortunate position I was totally unable to prevent, and by which, I suppose, he intended an apology and atonement for his unprovoked assault. My niece and the maid vainly endeavoured to raise me, and I might have remained where I was till this day had not the owner of the dog presently followed them into the room, and lent his assistance to their efforts. He helped me up, and placed me comfortably in my arm-chair, begging my pardon all the time for what had occurred, and apologising for the dog because it lodged in the house. As soon as I came to myself sufficiently to understand what he said, I turned triumphantly to my niece.

"There, Mary! that's one of your lodgers that you were to be always meeting on the stairs, forsooth! I hope you like the fun, as you call it! Here's what comes of it. There's the lodger, there's his dog, and between the two your poor old Aunt is thrown on her nose and half-killed. A pretty state of things indeed! Thrown on my nose actually!"

"And picked up again, Madam, allow me to observe," remarked the stranger civilly enough.

"Yes, Sir; but I don't want to be either the one or the other," replied I sharply, but was almost sorry I had spoken when I saw how painfully the child coloured, while the man, as I could see plainly enough, was biting his lips to keep from laughing. He had done his best to help me, certainly, and could not have foreseen what his dog would do, so perhaps I was somewhat hasty in speaking as I did. So Mary evidently thought, and I must say I was rather pleased to see her show so much proper feeling.

"Aunt Jane, it all comes of your sitting in the window knitting just as if you were at home."

"But I wasn't knitting when that great dog came rampaging in, my dear," remarked I in a tone of remonstrance.

"No, Auntie dear; but you had been, you know. It began so, and people never do sit and knit in windows by the sea. Everybody lives out-of-doors."

"More fools they," I retorted, but Mary only laughed.

"One must do as other people do, dear Aunt," she continued; "now to-morrow I am quite determined that you shall have a carriage, and we will drive out. We will go and see somebody's camp or somebody else's well. There are always camps and wells or something of the kind ready for inquiring visitors at every watering-place. To-morrow shall be a day of excitement!" And so it was!

I did not much like the look of the carriage when it came to the door, but Mary declared it was "first-rate," and accordingly I made up my mind to be contented, and we started upon our expedition in this vehicle. It was very large, very heavy, and very dirty, as, indeed, was its driver—that is to say, as far as the last epithet is concerned, large and heavy he was not, being a small, thin, wizened-faced boy with trousers only halfway down his legs, no waistcoat, and a sort of garment, half-jacket, half-coat, which alone gave him the smallest appearance of anything but a ragged beggar. The horse which drew us had a miserably half-starved look about it, and altogether I was by no means satisfied with the equipage which was to convey me about in that fashionable place upon my first appearance in public.

The boy began well; he drove at a tolerable pace

through the streets, evidently deeming it desirable to show off himself and his horse to best advantage in the town. But when we began to leave the houses behind, he dropped into a slow jog-trot, which gradually became still slower, and made the jolting of the cumbersome vehicle almost unbearable.

"Tell him to go faster, my dear," said I from time to time. But Mary spoke in vain. "I can't bear this, child! We shall never get there or back!" She tried again, but it was useless, and she was forced to endeavour to persuade me that this was the usual watering-place pace, and that we could not expect to go faster with one horse in that heavy carriage. The snail-like movement drove me half wild, and the jolting was such that I really could put up with it no longer. I called to the boy to stop and let me out.

"But, Aunt Jane, we are more than a mile and a half from the town! How are you to get home?"

"I don't know, my dear, and I don't care. I only know that my bones are not dislocated yet, but they very soon will be if I stay in this abominable carriage. I couldn't do it upon any consideration. It is more than human flesh and blood can bear. I shall have palsy! I

feeling which the events of the next half-hour would bring about!

We presently came to the top of a steep hill, up which our fly had crawled when we first left the town. As the chair went rather faster here, Mary lagged behind. Fast, fast, and faster we descended, the man carefully keeping the chair back as well as he could, when all of a sudden we jolted over a little hollow in the middle of the road, the chair gave a jump, and then began to go down the hill even faster than before, the man slipping and sliding before it at a fine rate, and almost beginning to run. "Well," thought I, "I wonder if I am to go at this pace all the way down! I suppose Mary will say it is 'all right,' and only the ordinary pace of bath-chairs at watering-places, but to my mind it is a very extraordinary pace for a respectable bath-chair in any place. However, I suppose it is 'all right'!" But at that moment I happened to look up at the man, and forthwith changed my opinion. Drops of perspiration stood on his face, his teeth were clenched, his features distorted, and the horrible truth flashed across my mind with all the intensity of undeniable conviction—the chair and I were running away with him!

It was but too true: he had doubtless miscalculated my weight and his own powers, and allowing the chair to acquire too much velocity at the beginning of the downward journey, was now rapidly becoming less and less able to control or restrain it. I had scarce time to scream before the crisis arrived: my driver was too experienced in his art not to know that if he abandoned his charge the most serious consequences might ensue. On one side was a precipice, far below which was the sea; on the other was an open gutter paved with square stones, and even should he be able to extricate himself from the bath-chair without being knocked down and run over, my fate would inevitably be to be overturned either into the gutter or down the precipice. I do not know which would really have been the worse for me, inasmuch as although a fall over the precipice would probably have been more speedily fatal, an "overset" into the gutter, at the rate at which my chair was then going, would certainly have brought me into a condition to which death would have been almost preferable.

My driver, however, was a man of many resources, and, as he owned the bath-chair himself, probably considered (so far as he had time to consider anything) that unless he succeeded in averting the catastrophe which appeared so close at hand, his property as well as his reputation as a director of bath-chairs would be ruined beyond repair. So with an almost superhuman effort he gave a sharp turn to the handle with his full strength; the immediate result of which was that the chair, diverted from its straight course down the hill, bumped violently against a lamp-post with an impetus which nearly shook me inside out, and sent him

half across the slight fence which separated the road from the precipice. For a moment he balanced strangely, as if it was doubtful whether he would fall over the fence or back into the road, a point which was speedily determined by his tumbling across the chair over my poor legs with a force which greatly aggravated my already disagreeable sensations. He was met by a roar and a blow, supplemented by several severe pokes with my umbrella, with which the pain he caused me prompted me to goad him until he cried out for mercy. Mary had by this time overtaken us, and, oblivious of all right feeling, was sitting by the side of the road, perfectly helpless with laughter, and it was no thanks to her that I was landed safely at the foot of the hill at last, by the aid of several men hanging on behind.

My driver was profuse with his apologies, as, indeed, he had need to be; but he angered me nevertheless by observing, though with a most respectful manner, that "there wasn't a many ladies not so heavy as I were, though maybe I didn't look it." I bore with the remark, however, being filled with joy at the thought that I had escaped a great danger, and that now, at the foot of the hill, where the road was both wide and level, I should assuredly have no more risks to run, but should soon be safe at home. Alas! how often does it happen in this world that danger or sorrow is near at that particular moment when we think ourselves most secure from both the one and the other!

(To be concluded in our next.)



THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS.

shall have paralysis! I shall have a fit or something dreadful, I'm sure! Here! let me out!"

The carriage stopped, and I managed to get on to the pathway and shake myself straight. I don't know that I ever saw Mary more put out, and I must own that when I felt myself safe on the ground, and looked at the long stretch of road leading back to the town, my heart sank within me, and I began to entertain serious misgivings as to how I could ever get home. However, I made as if I could walk double the distance with ease, and we set off boldly, the fly-boy driving slowly after us with the evident intention of capturing us again. But, as luck would have it (so I thought at the time), what should we meet but an empty bath-chair just turning out of a garden. We secured it at once. Mary paid and dismissed the fly (the chit of a boy having the impudence to call himself the "coachman," and ask to be "remembered" as such), and in a few moments I was comfortably settled in the bath-chair and on my way home. It was a very nice chair indeed, and drawn by a tidy, respectably dressed man who was evidently used to the business. I was well contented, and began to think that this was the true fashion after which ladies of a certain age and weight should take the air at watering-places, and to determine in my own mind to devote a certain sum to bath-chair exercise every day during the rest of my sojourn at the seaside. Little did I contemplate the entire revolution of



AT THE LEICESTER AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

From Photographs by Corkett, Leicester.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Last week the English newspapers, taking their cue from the French ones, somewhat ostentatiously announced the death of the so-called working-man deputy, Thivrier. Reuter's Agency considered it necessary to devote a paragraph to the demise of Thivrier—I purposely drop the "M.," although the English papers did not. My reason for doing this is not because the deceased member of the French Parliament was sufficiently eminent to dispense with the conventional title, but because he himself, in his democratic assumption, would have objected to share it with the hated *bourgeois* and the detested aristocrat.

Reuter's, then, which is usually well informed, and has, moreover, the knack of conveying a good deal of biographical information in an astonishingly small compass, Reuter's then, though devoting a paragraph to the disappearance of Thivrier, could find no more important characteristic to chronicle of him than a sumptuary one—namely, that he wore a blouse in and out of season. The *Daily Telegraph*, by reason of its different organisation, supplemented this scrap of information by telling us that he began life as a miner, then became a publican, then the proprietor of a Socialist paper, ultimately a mayor of a small burgh, and finally a deputy. In the latter capacity Thivrier did not even shine as much as one of his immediate predecessors, Basly, who in his time was not up to the ankles of either Mr. John Burns or the late Mr. Keir Hardie. I beg pardon of the erstwhile member for West Ham for tacking the adjective "late" to his name. I am comparatively an old man, and before his political resurrection takes place I may no longer be in the land of the living; so he is virtually dead to me.

To return to Thivrier, who by all accounts, since his election in 1889, had done nothing but "sport" his blouse in the Chamber, on the Boulevards, in places of public amusement, just as Mr. Keir Hardie "sported" his cricketing-cap, high-lows, and muffler. With this difference, though: that beneath Mr. Keir Hardie's cap and Mr. John Burns's billycock there is a brain, while beneath Thivrier's *casquette à trois ponts* there was, from an intellectual point of view, no brain at all. His predecessor, Basly, was an absolute fiend in human shape, who would not have been misplaced among the Couthons, Lebas, Marats, and Fouquier-Tinville of the First Revolution; he was incapable of a generous thought, let alone of a generous action towards either friends or foes, but he had the potentiality of hatred. Thivrier was a numskull whose hatred of the *bourgeois* and contempt of the aristocrat could not even find expression in a coherent sentence of a score of words. Basly was probably the original of the demagogue in Zola's "Germinal," whose name, curiously enough, has slipped my memory, though I translated the powerful novel for a London contemporary. Zola, whose right and genuine Republicanism is beyond suspicion, probably considered that he could go no lower in the scale of demagogism than by sketching a Basly; he had probably never met a Thivrier; or, if he did meet

with one, considered it impossible that such "a lump of ill-digested chaos" should find his way to a seat among the legislators of France.

And inasmuch as Zola only paints what he sees, he was practically right. Unacquainted as he may be with the literature and history of foreign countries, the great novelist knows his own well enough; and after the ignominious collapse of Albert Martin—called Albert l'Ouvrier—who died a couple of years ago, Zola may have felt pretty certain that France would not resort to a second experiment of pitchforking an intellectual nonentity into political prominence.

During the twelvemonth I have had the honour of writing this column the reader must have noticed that the little strength I possess is derived in the main from my voluminous notes, and this week they are beyond my

had heard a good deal of Albert l'Ouvrier and had read about him. I had even suspected that his abrupt dismissal from office might have been due to jealousy of his superiority—for democracy is of all things a spiteful detractor of the superior man. At any rate, I was not prepared for the absolute "nothingness" of the man in front of me. Nor could I for one moment beguile myself that age had beclouded a once powerful intellect. The intellect was clear enough, but it was literally like a well-swept room without a scrap of furniture in it and a pair of windows looking out upon boundless desert. Contrary to Mr. Gus Elen's song, "there were no 'ouses in between," there was nothing that arrested his thoughts—there were no thoughts.

Thivrier was worse than Albert l'Ouvrier, if there can be worse intellectually out of an asylum for idiots. And yet he managed to get a seat at the Palais-Bourbon. That is

a matter which concerns France alone. She is not only rich enough to pay for her martial glory, but sufficiently wealthy to pay for her legislative non-glory. What concerns England is that her people should not be betrayed into following her example, and paragraphs like those penned and transmitted about the death of a nonentity such as Thivrier are calculated to produce that non-desired condition of things.

At Winsford, in the Northwich salt-mining district of Cheshire, on Aug. 8, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster opened the new technical schools and gymnasium, presented by Mr. Joseph Verdin at a cost of £8000, part of the amount received as compensation to local owners of property for disturbance caused by the subsidence of the ground. He proposes to erect and endow a similar institution at Northwich. A silver shield was presented to Mr. Verdin as a memorial of this occasion and in recognition of his liberal gift.

The German fleet now comprises ninety-one ships of war, having an aggregate displacement of 266,237 tons and an aggregate force of 292,229-horse power. During

the twelve months ending with July 1895, the following additions were made to the fleet: two fourth-class ironclads, one fourth-class cruiser, and one dispatch-boat. On the other hand, one cruiser was removed from the list of the fleet. The German fleet now comprises four first-class ironclads, three second-class ironclads, seven third-class ironclads, and eight fourth-class ironclads. The number of officers and surgeons is 1021; the crews comprise altogether 21,487 men. The German Government is now building three swift cruisers to be fitted with engines of 9000-horse power.

The proposals of the Indian Government for holding Chitral have now been sanctioned. The British garrison will hold the country from Chitral to Kala Darosh, where the headquarters will be established. From Kala Darosh to Dir the country will be under Chitral levies, the Khan of Dir providing them as far as Chakdara. The brigade on the Malakand Pass, with a regiment at Chakdara, will complete the line of communication. The Panjkora route will be opened for postal, supply, and relief purposes.



GEORGE KEMP.—U.
Lancashire, Heywood.
Defeated T. Snape.
4489 to 3933.



E. BAINBRIDGE.—L.
Lincolnshire, Gainsborough.
Defeated E. Pearson.
5077 to 4391.



SIR H. PARQUHAR.—U.
West Marylebone.
Defeated B. Strauss.
3734 to 2273.



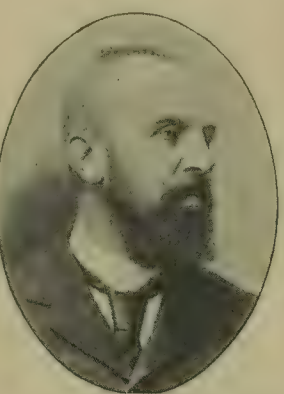
COLONEL J. M. DENNY.—C.
Kilmarnock Burghs.
Defeated S. Williamson.
5432 to 5051.



E. LAWRENCE.—U.
Cornwall, Truro.
Defeated H. T. Waddy.
3282 to 3012.



W. O'MALLEY.—A.-P.
Galway, Connemara.
Unopposed Return.



ALEXANDER WYLIE.—C.
Dumbartonshire.
Defeated Captain Sinclair.
5375 to 5342.



F. CAWLEY.—L.
Lancashire, Prestwich.
Defeated R. G. Mowbray.
5029 to 5338.



D. N. NICOL.—C.
Argyllshire.
Defeated Sir D. Macfarlane.
2970 to 2835.



GEORGE HARWOOD.—L.
Bolton.
Defeated Colonel Bridgeman.
8451 to 7901.



G. D. COLVILLE.—L.
North-East Lanarkshire.
Defeated A. Whitelaw.
6288 to 5751.



D. A. THOMAS.—L.
Merthyr Tydfil.
Defeated H. C. Lewis.
9210 to 6525.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: HEROES OF THE CONFLICT.

reach; consequently, I cannot vouch for the correctness of my dates. But unless my memory deceives me, Albert l'Ouvrier began his quasi-political career late in the thirties, or early in the forties, which career reached its apogee during the Revolution of 1848, when he was offered, in spite of Lamartine's objection, an important Government position, even the smallest duties of which he was found incapable of fulfilling. He retired into obscurity.

When I met him about thirty years later he was holding a very subordinate post in the Paris Gas Works. I was introduced to him one day at luncheon by the late Jules Vallès, and the great Communist and greater writer was a genius, despising everything except intellect and money. I have an idea that the introduction was effected for the purpose of making me—the declared antagonist of all democracy—cognisant of the difference between the democracy of the eighth and fourth decade of the present century. If that was the object, it was fully realised. Of course, like all those fairly acquainted with the French history of the nineteenth century, I



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

From the Painting by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus.

Mr. E. Bond. Hon. G. H. Allopp. Mr. C. A. Whitmore. Mr. Stanley Leighton. Sir Stafford Northcote. Mr. H. Arnold-Forster. Mr. M. Bhowagreen. Sir A. D. Forwood. Mr. C. B. Stuart-Wortley. Sir E. Harland. Hon. St. J. Trevelyan. Mr. Hayes Fisher. Mr. C. F. Hammond. Lord A. J. B. Lord A. J. B.
 Sir R. Mansel. Colonel Sanderson. Mr. R. G. Webster. Sir E. Ashmole-Dartlett. Mr. J. W. Mackenzie. Mr. J. H. Henson. Mr. G. C. Bartley. Gen. Gollaworthy. Admiral Field. Mr. E. Boulton. Mr. W. G. Marcantony. Mr. G. W. Dalfour. Mr. T. W. Russell. Mr. J. Collings. Mr. A. Chamberlain. Sir W. Walcott.
 Mr. A. Boscawen. Mr. T. G. Davies. Mr. W. Durdett-Coutts. Sir G. Baden Powell. Lord Carmarthen. Rt. Hon. C. F. Villiers. Mr. H. M. Stanley.



Sir W. Hart-Dyke. Baron De Worms. Sir H. Jackson. Mr. D. Pym. Mr. C. J. Duffin. Sir Donald Currie. Sir J. Lubbock. Mr. Outburt Guller. Rt. Hon. J. Lowther. Sir E. Clarke. Hon. G. N. Curzon.
 Mr. D. W. Hanbury. Sir M. White Ridley. Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain. Rt. Hon. H. Chaplin. Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen. Lord G. Hamilton. Rt. Hon. C. T. Ritchie. Sir D. E. Webster. Mr. Akers-Douglas. Sir J. Glyn.
 Mr. Walter Long.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE GOVERNMENT BENCHES.

SONGS BEFORE BURNS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

As a Burns centenary is inevitably approaching it would be interesting, were it possible, to know what Scotch songs were like before Burns "redded them up." Unluckily, very little is really known about the old songs, as distinct from the long ballads, which were also sung. For some reason "the moral sense of the community" steadily weeded

They died where—

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well.

The oldest existing words are by Miss Jean Elliot, and were made for a bet with her father, probably about 1750. They are beautiful, but who does not regret the lost popular song, the very speech of sorrow? Miss Rutherford of Fernlea (Mrs. Cockburn) wrote the still later version. "The Border Widow," nominally of 1529, certainly looks

like a later variation on the death of Cockburn of Henderland. "General Leslie's March" ("Over the Border") must be a satire; for even a Scot could scarce write (what we all think)—
That a' the world may see
There's nae in the right but we
Of the guid auld Scottish nation!

Even Chambers did not publish all of "You're welcome, Whigs, frae Bothwell Brigs." In fact, the history of Scotch song is the triumph of prudery. Nobody ever dreamed that songs had an historical value, in which primness was out of place. Yet Chambers gives frank enough Latin verse on Killiecrankie, and the "Batavi et Cameroniani"; indeed, one cannot quote the Latin muse on this occasion. Burns "faked

up" another Killiecrankie song, so that we do not know what is old from what is Burns's. "The wee wee German-Lairdie" rests on the authority of Cromek and Hogg, Cromek being the victim of Allan Cunningham's forgeries. Would that Ritson could have tried these humorous ruffians—a short shrift had been theirs. Ramsay and Burns both contaminated "Carle an the King come," while Scott adapted it to George IV. of all people. "Auld Stuart's back again," has a more genuine ring, as has—

Little reck ye wha's coming,
A' the wild Macrae's coming,

introduced by Scott into "Waverley," and quoted by him in reference to a question of copyrights. Burns touched up "Kenmuire," and probably wrote the lines, out of harmony with the general style—

But soon wi' sounding victory,
May Kenmuire's lord come hame.

"Up and waur them a', Willie," though Jacobite, was adapted by "Wullie" Duke of Cumberland. The air, as Chambers says, is slightly modified in

"There's nae luck about the house." To "Awa, Whigs, awa!" Burns added the lines—

Guid help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maulkin!

These days he lived to see, but the heads were those of the sons of St. Louis. "To daunt me" seems a genuine Jacobite song, and is a very good one. "This is no my ain house," originally a child's chant, was turned into a Jacobite lilt, and by Burns into a song of sentiment: "This is no my ain lassie." Who knows the words of "Deil stick the Minister," singing which pious aspiration old Dumbiedykes "soughed awa"? The air which inspired "Scots wha hae"—namely,

Here's to the King, Sir,
Ye ken wha I mean, Sir,
And to every honest man
That will do't again!

The date, from the lines—

Here's to the King o' Swede,
Fresh laurels crown his head;
Ere on every sneaking blade
That winna do't again!

must be about 1718, when Charles XII. was an ally of King James. But Charles died, or they would have done it again! The words in "The White Cockade"—

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kaim and spinning-wheel,

are clearly adapted from an older piece, known to Scott—

I sold my rock, I sold my reel,
And sae hae I my spinning-wheel,
And a' to buy a cap o' steel
For Dickie Macphail that's slain.

Miss Edgeworth, Scott says, sang a similar Irish song—"Shoo, shoo, shoolagaroo," as Scott wrote down the Irish phonetically. Indeed, verse was common property, and everyone, regardless of reviewers, helped himself to what suited him. "You're welcome, Charlie Stuart," is actually a contemporary lilt, and was played in Edinburgh Theatre in 1749, when the English officers called for "Culloden." A riot ensued, and Culloden was, in a measure, avenged. Most of the best Jacobite poetry is long "after date"; but probably much that was good is lost, because it could not be printed (O my bleeding country, what are Ireland's wrongs to thine!), and so came to be forgotten. The oldest of several versions of "Charlie is my darling," may be contemporary, but credits the Prince with a facility in lovemaking which was not in his character. The ladies made the love, often to an embarrassing degree. It is amusing to learn that Allan Ramsay expurgated "Clout the Caldron" out of all knowledge, and that it presently became needful to do the same turn for Allan's own version, so quickly does virtue advance in our time. So now all is lost—all but the tune. "Green grow the rushes, O!" was assuredly a very naughty piece before Burns; however, the ancient and nefarious words exist in broadsides. Tradition, with good taste, has only preserved two out of fifteen verses in



CHINESE VISITORS TO A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.
Sketch by Mr. W. G. Littlejohns, R.M.S. "Centurion."

out the old words while keeping the old tunes. This cannot be too much regretted; not that we wish to hear wanton ditties lilted—may the County Council forbid it!—but even the wantonness of our ancestors has its historical interest. As Robert Chambers points out, as early as 1286 Scotland had popular songs, notably on the death of Alexander III.—

Now Alexander our King is dead
That Scotland led in love and lee.

But only names and a few lines of the ancient ditties survive. The regular official poets, like Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, were seldom song-writers; nor, in a later day, was Drummond of Hawthornden, with his contemporaries. Out of the Bannatyne Manuscript (1568) only two popular songs are to be gathered. In 1599 the process of expurgation and substitution had begun, in "A Buke of Godly Songs," religious verses, the kirk supplying dull words, and robbing the deil of the old tunes, such as "John, come kiss me now" (not a Puritan measure), and the lullaby, "Ba-lu-la-lu," changed into—

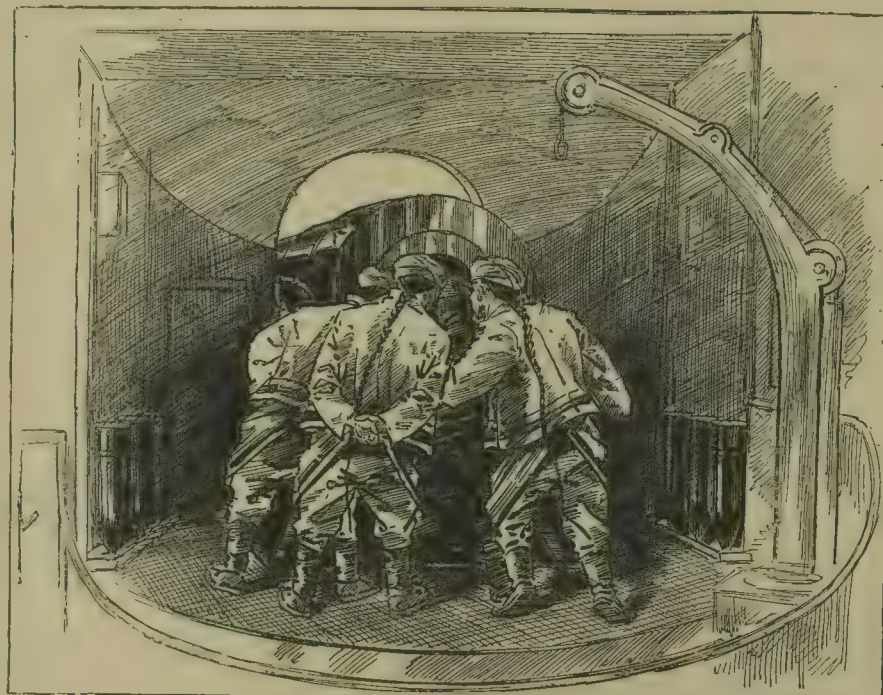
O my deir heart, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy credill in my spreit.

The old song leaves a trace in—

O, can ye sew cushions,
Can ye sew sheets,
Can ye sing Ba-lu-lu
When the bairnie greets?

It was not in nature that there should be harm in a lullaby, but the "godly" killed the natural cradle-song, and so it chanced with many others, as "Who is at my window, who, who?" It was easy to give an evangelical answer to an amorous inquiry.

From the reign of Charles I. survives a manuscript of Scotch airs, the "lute-book" of a lady of the house of Skene of Hallyards. Only two of the airs, Chambers says, are still popular, namely, "Bonnie Dundee," and "The Flowers of the Forest." The first had nothing to do with



CHINESE VISITORS LOOKING THROUGH THE BREECH OF A GUN.
Sketch by Mr. W. G. Littlejohns, R.M.S. "Centurion."

Minstrel Burne's "Leader Haugh and Yarrow." A broadside has yielded the rest of the poem, where Dædalus and Progne find themselves in unwonted company. "Auld Robin Gray" has ousted "The bridegroom grat when the sun went down," of which even Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe could only recover a brief fragment. The air of "Auld Robin Gray" has also been changed, so forgetful and fickle are the Muses!

CHINESE VISITORS TO A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

Inquisitiveness is usually concealed behind the impassive countenance of a Chinaman, but he very soon displays that characteristic when he is viewing any novelty. The Chinese are painstaking sight-seers, as the artist has endeavoured to show in the accompanying illustrations. On board a British battle-ship there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of curiosity, and one is not surprised to learn that Chinese visitors are not satisfied with just a cursory glance at the marvellous mechanism to be seen on a man-o'-war. The cleanliness of the commissariat department in a great vessel always pleases the Chinaman, who, naturally, is interested in work where he is usually an adept. The guns mystify him, unless he is an expert, and the smart drilling of the men astonishes officers in the Chinese army, who are strangers to such systematic precision. In the late war between China and Japan, there was nothing more remarkable than the naval breakdown of the former, which was manifestly due to the lack of skill and training, China having the advantage of more powerful ships and armaments, while the common seamen of her fleet showed, upon most occasions, a dogged courage not often surpassed by fighting men of any nation. It is to stupidity and ignorance that their defeat must be ascribed.



JOHN CHINAMAN MIMICKING THE SENTRY.
Sketch by Mr. W. G. Littlejohns, R.M.S. "Centurion."

the fair Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, for whose honour Scott wrote the lyric which has kept the music alive.

The old original "Flowers of the Forest" doubtless dealt with Flodden Field, for this "the plaintive numbers flow" (1513). Scott knew two lines—

Now ride I single on my saddle,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awa'.

"Hay, Tuttle, Taitie," not very inspiring, was vaguely said to have been Bruce's battle-march. It was used for Scott's favourite—

LITERATURE.

TRAVELS IN ARCTIC AND SUB-ARCTIC REGIONS.

The Great Frozen Land: Narrative of a Winter Journey across the Tundra and a Sojourn among the Samoyads. By Frederick George Jackson, Leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition. Edited from his Journals by Arthur Montefiore. (Macmillan and Co.)—*Ice-Bound on Kolguev: A Chapter in the Exploration of Arctic Europe.* By Aubyn Trevor-Battye. (Archibald Constable and Co.)—These volumes are complementary to each other.

In editing Mr. Jackson's diaries, Mr. Montefiore has added a useful chapter on the Samoyad language, and given a few specimens of folk-tales translated from the German version made by the distinguished Finnic scholar, Castrén. The merit of these tales, as Mr. Montefiore remarks, "lies in a simplicity so absolute that it might be taken for mere crudity," but for the meagreness of the language, and the bare, unvarying character of the scenery amid which the stories are laid. One of these, "The Seven Maidens of the Lake," is interesting as containing the widespread incident of the soul, or active-life principle as separable from its owner, and thus affecting his destiny.

The maps and illustrations to both volumes are excellent. Mr. Herbert Ward has added some capital drawings as supplemental to the process pictures from photographs taken by Mr. Jackson; while Mr. Battye has had the great advantage of Mr. Nettleship's masterly pencil in the delineation of animal life.—EDWARD CLOUD.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF "PUNCH."

A Forum of Punch. By Athol Mayhew. (Downey and Co.)—"Who was the first editor of *Punch*?" has become a question almost as difficult to decide as the authorship of the *Junius* Letters, yet all the circumstances connected with the birth and early struggles of Mr. Punch occurred within living memory, and there must be many persons still living who can speak on the subject with more or less authority. Mr. Athol Mayhew claims to speak with some such authority. His late father, Mr. Henry Mayhew, was one of the acknowledged founders of *Punch*. He told his son that he edited and managed *Punch* for the first six months of its career. It is not probable he was under a delusion on the subject, nor is it likely he would impose on his son with a false statement. Henry Mayhew and Gilbert A'Beckett had both been concerned in founding and editing *Figaro in London*, *Punch's* immediate predecessor in the field of comic journalism. In the size and arrangement of its pages *Punch* was an exact counterpart of *Figaro in London*. There is, therefore, strong presumptive evidence in favour of Mr. Mayhew's claim that his father was *Punch's* first editor, afterwards co-editor with Mark Lemon, who was installed as sole editor on the paper passing into the hands of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

Mr. Mayhew's volume is an interesting contribution to the history of comic journalism. In it he not only details the early history of the *London Charivari*, but he gives us curious glimpses of the men who created the celebrated jester, and the Bohemian haunts they frequented. He tells how the "Rationals," one of the many clubs founded by Douglas Jerrold, disported themselves, and levied fines on each other on every possible pretext—

There were fines for treating the chairman with anything like respect, fines for making a pun, fines for repeating a joke which was a known "Old Joe," and fines for telling an anecdote of an earlier date than B.C., or of more than five minutes' duration. Then there were fines for having the "hiccups" before supper, fines for murdering the Queen's English, and particularly for ex-aspirating the h's, fines for calling your brother Rational an ass, and fines for swearing or indulging in an oath, even of the mildest description. Further, fines were imposed on any member stating when he rose to make a speech that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, fines for starting a discussion on the immortality of the soul before two o'clock in the morning, and fines for vowing that you loved your sainted mother, or prided yourself on being a good husband and father, at any hour of the evening.

These fines, when paid, were devoted to the replenishment of the punch-bowl, and this was the sort of fun in which the *Punch* humorists indulged when they were taking their ease at the Garrick's Head in Bow Street, or at the Wrekin in Broad Court, or the Shakspeare's Head in Wych Street.

Mr. Mayhew is not always accurate when speaking of the *Punch* artists. For example, the reader would suppose that the late Mr. H. G. Hine, when he began to draw for *Punch*, was known as a successful landscape painter, "and had no more experience of drawing on



A REINDEER DRIVE.

From Mr. F. G. Jackson's "The Great Frozen Land" (Macmillan).

They are modest, straightforward records of British enterprise and endurance in desolate, monotonous regions, concerning the natural history, inhabitants, and physical features of which each writer enlarges our knowledge. Mr. Jackson's journey to sub-Arctic lands was taken mainly to acquire experience for the more venturesome expedition on which he has since started. Of the methods and objects of that expedition to Franz Josef Land, which the patriotism of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has equipped, Mr. Montefiore treats in an interesting appendix. Mr. Jackson's experimental route was by steamer as far as Ilabarova, a Samoyad settlement, whence a short crossing took him to Waigatz Island. Thence, recrossing, he made his way over the great Tundra—a solitude through which no Englishman had ever passed—from the Kara Sea to Archangel.

In contrast to Mr. Jackson, Mr. Battye travelled from curiosity, pure and simple: "The idea of the unknown attracted me," he says. A fortnight's voyage in a steam-yacht took him from Peterhead to Kolguev, "a harbourless island with a dangerous coast," fifty miles off the Russian seaboard in that part of the Arctic Ocean known as Barent's Sea. There Mr. Battye, with an assistant as bird-stuffer, was landed with the intent of being picked up by the yacht a month later. But the summer of 1894 was exceptionally cold everywhere, and the vessel, on her return voyage, could not approach the ice-bound island. Two more months passed before the arrival of a Russian trader released the pair and relieved the suspense of their friends at home as to their fate. But they were among a kindly folk, and the compulsory stay enabled Mr. Battye to survey a little-explored island, and to supply a vivid account of its scanty people and products.

Allowing for differences incidental to localities wide apart, although under like climatic conditions, our brace of travellers have much the same story to relate. Both lived with the Samoyads in their "chooms"—movable wigwams of birch-bark stretched on poles—ate with them, although not out of the same "dish," for this often consisted of the stomach of the slain animal filled with its blood, in which the hunks of raw meat were dipped. Both, too, kept to windward of their hosts, since, except on high days, when the mouth is filled with water, which is squirted into the hands and then rubbed on the face, washing is practically as unknown as among the hairy Ainu. They are, of course, "lively" all over. These flat-headed, black-haired, beardless, almond-eyed Samoyads, "femen," as the name means, are members of the Finnic branch of the widespread Mongolian family. They are a sociable, well-disposed people. They have no industries; the rudest tools and weapons suffice them. A certain feeling of art is shown in the native drawings, of which Mr. Battye gives specimens, and as for means of support, they have the reindeer and the Brent-goose. This stupid bird they capture at its moulting-time by thousands, wherewith to stock the winter larder. But "he who has the reindeer has everything," say the Russians, and, dead or alive, he is the Samoyad's mainstay. Nominally Christian, of course of the Russian type, the skin of the Samoyad has only to be lightly scratched to find the pagan beneath. The old Shamanistic cult of the Eurasian peoples, with its magical practices, plays the chief part, especially when the luck is bad. Sacrifices are offered to Num (possibly allied to the Finnish heaven-god, Jumala), "a mountain god, images of whom are secreted about the person." These, as described by Mr. Jackson, are usually sticks dressed in flannel, but, as figured in Mr. Battye's volume, they appear to have a phallic significance.

The most familiar example of this is the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body" of Norse folk-lore; while another is supplied by the Hindu story of "Punchkin." In the Samoyad variant one of two hunters goes on a journey and meets an old woman, who is vainly trying to chop down a birch-tree. He takes the axe, fells the tree, and carries it to her choom, when she bids him hide himself from seven maidens who are approaching. These asked the old woman who had cut down the tree, when she told them that she had done so. Then they went to bathe in a lake, and the woman bade the man follow, and hide the clothes of one of them. When the maiden whose clothes were thus taken came to the bank, she wept, and, plunging into the lake again, cried out that she would marry the thief if he would restore her garments. Then the man came forward and agreed to this if the girl would bring him the seven hearts of seven brothers who had killed many people; his own mother among them. The girl, sorely troubled, departed, and the man went back to his tent. But on the fifth day she drove thither with her team of deer, and they went to his sister, who told them how the



AN ARCTIC GROUP.

seven brothers, before they lay down to sleep, hung their hearts on poles. Then the couple watched till nightfall, and carried off the hearts. And the brothers, on awaking, cried out for these, when the man appeared and hurled six hearts on the ground, and as he did so the six owners died. And he spared only the seventh on his promising to tell where the body of the mother was buried, and where the soul was hidden. Thither the man went, and shaking the bag that held the soul over the corpse, brought his mother back to life. But he kept not faith with the seventh brother, and threw his heart on the ground, so that he also died.

the wood than a staunch teetotaler of drawing wine from it"—the fact being that Hine was an expert wood-draughtsman long before he found his forte as a landscape painter. Mr. Birket Foster, who was another early draughtsman on *Punch*, is referred to as "another recently departed knight of the brush." Mr. Foster is, happily, still living, and we trust will continue to enjoy his *Punch* for many years to come. The volume contains an excellent portrait of the author's maternal grandfather, Douglas Jerrold, and is a welcome addition to the history of humorous journalism.

MASON JACKSON.



THE CHURCH AND DISSENT: VISIT OF NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AT BISHOPTHORPE, AUGUST 8.

From Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



1. Arrival of the German Emperor's steam-yacht "Hohenzollern."

2. Race for the Queen's Cup: the Prince of Wales's yacht "Britannia."

3. The Finish: German war-ships saluting in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday.

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA AT COWES.

A contest between the "Britannia" and the German Emperor's sailing-yacht "Meteor" had been eagerly expected, but the latter did not start on account of the strong westerly breeze; and the "Britannia" sailed alone over a shortened course, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York on board.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The holiday season of ordinary folks is the period for scientific junketings. The British Medical Association's meeting has been held; sanitary congresses are in course of being arranged for, and have already been instructing the people in the way they should go, hygienically speaking; and the British Association meeting itself looms in the near distance. I make it a point to read all the introductory addresses which come under my notice; and this for two reasons. First, because a sensible introductory or presidential address usually gives one the views of a sober, well-regulated, philosophic mind, on some topic or subject whereof that mind has made a special study. Secondly, I read such addresses because they tend to awaken in one's mind reflections upon the far-reaching and practically unending interests over which science holds rule. It is often a source of wonderment that a man finds anything new to say in these days, when he who runs may read science, among a host of other things. But therein lies the secret of culture, and the triumph of study and research.

If any of my readers wish for a shower-bath of delightfully bracing common-sense, let them peruse the presidential address of Sir J. Russell Reynolds, M.D., delivered before the British Association. They will find the address in full in the medical journals of the date Aug. 3. It teems with good things, regarded from the common-sense point of view. There is not much (or, indeed, anything) exclusively professional in Sir J. Russell Reynolds's remarks. On the contrary, his address might equally well have been delivered, it seems to me, before the British Association; and everybody knows that august assemblage is far from being composed of units of exclusively scientific nature. What will delight most readers in the address is the refreshing cold douche the orator administers in the matter of what he calls our social environment. As a physician, he is bound to study the men, manners, and morals of the day. He complains that "reverence, that angel of the world," has taken to herself wings and flown away from the social atmosphere; or, to put the matter more correctly, has been driven out by spirits and influences of a kind not greatly to be admired by any rational being.

Sir J. Russell Reynolds pleads for a lessening of the rapid flippancy which marks so much of the conversation, literature, and manners of the day. Therein, I think, he will find his best support among men and women who can by no possibility be called strait-laced or puritanical in any sense. He decries the *fin-de-siècle* idea, which seems to indicate that with the close of the period a new heaven and a new earth are likely to arise. As a physician and man of the world, Sir J. Russell Reynolds reproaches the modern tendencies, seen in many directions, to make evil our good; and he concludes his address with an eloquent appeal for the exhibition and culture of the larger sympathy, which I take to be one with that charity that St. Paul extols, and which he set forth as the greatest of the graces. Altogether, I think I am giving good counsel when I advise my readers to peruse the address I have named. It is full of good things, and cannot fail to act as an intellectual tonic to the person who reads it with anything of a sympathetic mind.

The following are the lines which mark the tombstone of Professor Huxley—

And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still "giveth his beloved sleep,"
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best.

Professor Michael Foster, remarking on the appropriate nature of these lines to mark the resting-place of the great naturalist, adds, aptly enough, that we may "recognise that the agnostic man of science had much in common with the man of faith."

My late friend, Dr. Milner Fothergill, of London, will be remembered by more than one member of the profession as the pioneer of the movement which has for its aim the bringing into greater prominence in medical treatment of diet and food-stuffs. Dr. Fothergill's books on diet have been followed by numerous manuals of dietetics, and it is gratifying to observe how the physician of to-day, as a rule, makes the food-habits of his patient a special study. Indeed, one may go further, and say that unless a doctor does include the close examination of his patient's food in the means and materials for diagnosis and for cure, he is decidedly neglectful of a prominent phase alike of the healing art and of the science of determining the nature of the disease.

Professor Bunge, in the course of a paper on iron as a medicine, read before the German Congress of Internal Medicine, has been ventilating some ideas which are as much matter of general science (and therefore extremely important) as they are details connected with the physician's domain. He is strong on the point that iron should reach our blood through the medium of our food, rather than through the druggist's specialties. Iron, as everybody knows, is a food-element absolutely essential for the proper constitution of the body. It is as rigidly demanded by the plant as by the animal; and it is from plants that Professor Bunge shows we should chiefly receive our iron-supply. Spinach, he tells us, is richer in iron than the yolk of eggs, while the yolk contains more iron than beef. Then succeed apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes, and wheat, these substances being given in the order in which they stand as regards the plentifulness of their iron constituents. Cow's milk is poor in iron, but, as balancing this deficiency in the food of the young mammal, it is found that the blood of the youthful quadruped contains much more iron than the adult. Thus, in a young rabbit or guinea-pig one hour old, four times as much iron was found than occurs in these animals two and a half months old. These are interesting facts, showing that nature probably draws on the original store of iron in the young animal for its nutrition during its milk-fed period.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2673 received from Benarsi Das (Moradabad) and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2674 from Upendranath Maitra; of Nos. 2675 and 2676 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2677 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), B. H. S. C. Butcher, jun. (Botesdale), and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2678 from Richard Miller, F. Glanville, T. Roberts, J. Bailey (Newark), F. A. Carter (Maldon), E. Loudon, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Ubique, Emile Frau (Lyons), Oliver Icingla, and S. Seijas (Barcelona).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2679 received from E. E. H. T. G. (Ware), E. Loudon, F. Glanville, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. David (Cardiff), Oliver Icingla, C. E. Perugini, Alpha, W. R. Raillem, J. K. S. Dixon (Birstall), J. A. R. Shadforth, C. M. O. (Buxton), F. A. Carter (Maldon), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), F. Leete (Sudbury), R. Worters (Canterbury), Nigel, W. Wright, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), H. S. Brandreth, W. P. Hind, J. C. Roper (Tunbridge Wells), Martin F. T. Roberts, A. W. Murray, Walter Lewis (Swansea), C. Butcher, jun. (Botesdale), L. Desanges, R. H. Brooks, H. Rodney, H. C. Comber, Ubique, Vivian E. Young, Emil Frau (Lyons), Mary Smith (Pendleton), and F. J. Candy.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2678.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

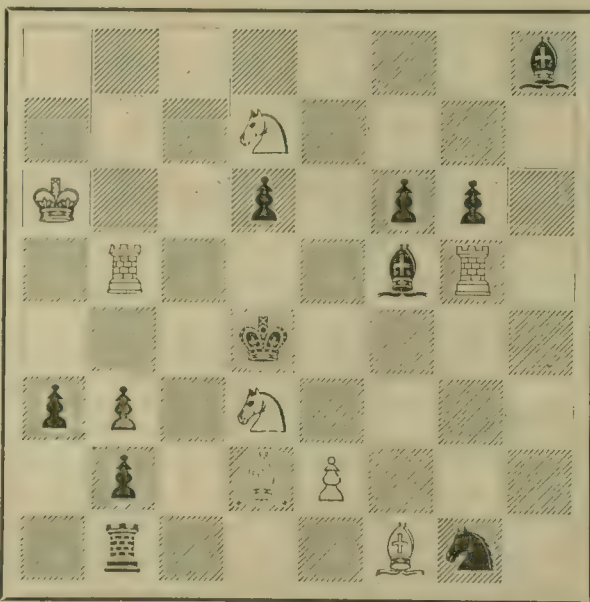
WHITE.
1. B to R 6th
2. Kt to B 7th (ch)
3. B to Kt 7th (mate)
If Black play 1. K to B 3rd 2. Q to K 6th (ch); and if 1. P to B 5th, then 2. B to Kt 7th (ch) etc.

BLACK.
K takes P
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2681.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. WALLACE and ESSLING.

(Zuker's or's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. B takes B	Q takes B
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	20. P to K R 4th	P to K B 4th
3. P to Q B 4th	K Kt to B 3rd	21. Kt to Kt 5th	R to K B sq
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	22. Kt to K 2nd	R to B 3rd
		23. Kt to B 4th	R to K sq
		24. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B sq
		25. K R to K sq	P to K R 3rd
		26. Kt (Kt 5) to R 3	R to B 2nd
		27. Q to K 2nd	P to K Kt 4th
		28. Kt to Kt 2nd	

It is rarely good to develop the Queen's side until the K B has been played. This applies generally to the Q P openings.

Much has been written upon the question when and where to play this piece. Here, being met with a strong reply (B to Q 3rd), it is clear that the move is inopportune. P to K 3rd, leaving the Bishop to defend the Queen's side, seems preferable.

5. B to B 4th

6. B to Kt 3rd

7. P to K 3rd

8. B to Q 3rd

9. Q R to B sq

10. P takes P

11. B to Kt sq

12. B to K 3rd

13. Q to K 4th

14. Castles

15. Q to B 2nd

16. Kt to K 2nd

17. Kt to Kt 3rd

18. P to Q R 3rd

19. B takes B

20. P to K R 4th

21. Kt to Kt 5th

22. Kt to K 2nd

23. Kt to B 4th

24. P to K Kt 3rd

25. K R to K sq

26. Kt (Kt 5) to R 3

27. Q to K 2nd

28. Kt to Kt 2nd

We believe P takes P at once, followed by B takes K B P, was stronger.

29. P takes P

30. Kt takes P

31. Kt to B 3rd

32. Kt (B 3) to R 4th P to B 6th

Very pretty. If 33. Kt takes P, R takes Kt; 34. Q takes R, Q to R 7th (ch); 35. K to B sq, B to R 3rd (ch), and wins. The ending is of considerable merit.

33. Q to Q sq

34. Kt takes Kt

35. K takes P

36. Q to K 2nd

37. Q to K 3rd

38. R to B sq

39. Kt to B 5th

40. R takes R

41. R to R sq

42. Q takes B

43. Q to B 8th (ch), and wins.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE IN BOHEMIA.

Game played between P. KARL TRAXLER and JOSEF SPASTNY.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q takes R P, P takes Q; 18. B takes R P (ch), K to Kt sq; 19. B takes P (ch), K to R sq; 20. Kt to Kt 6th, Mate.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) P takes Kt	
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	18. P takes Kt, 18. P takes Q, B takes Q; 19. P takes Kt, K to Q 2nd; 20. Kt takes Kt, and wins.	
4. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd	18. Q takes R P	
5. B to Q Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	Very fine, carrying out the plan previously referred to in another way.	
6. P takes P	Q takes P	19. Q takes Kt	P takes P
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd	20. B takes B	Q takes B
8. P to Q 4th	P to K 5th	21. Kt takes P	B to Q B 3rd
9. K Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	22. K R to Q sq	K R to K sq
10. Kt to Q Kt 3rd		23. R takes Kt	Q takes R
11. B to Q B 4th	Kt to B sq	24. B to K 6th (ch)	
12. P to B 5th	P to Q 2nd		
13. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt (at B sq) to R 2nd		
14. B to Q B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd		
15. Kt to Q 5th	Castles (Q R)		
16. B to K B 4th	Kt takes Q P		

A splendid idea in White's mind.

The Hastings Tournament opened on Aug. 5 with every sign of favour and the promise of a great success. The encounters of the more prominent players have been followed with the deepest interest, and each move at the critical stages of the game has had its crowd of observers. So far it is difficult to forecast the winners, but the failure of Dr. Tarrasch to score either of his first three games seems quite to discount his chance of repeating previous triumphs. Messrs. Lasker, Steinitz, and Tschigorin have all done well, although many changes may yet take place. The play has been exceptionally good, one fine win by Bird and another splendid finish in which Pillsbury defeated Tarrasch being rather examples of the general order of play than exceptional exhibitions of skill.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Earl Russell's divorce case will fix attention on the preposterous state of our present legal definition of "cruelty" in marriage more effectually than a hundred poor wives' cases would have done. Bad laws on subjects in which men and women are theoretically both concerned, but in which the woman is nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of each thousand the person on whom the harshness falls, are apt to go unremedied till some man is at last hurt by them. Thus it was with decrees for restitution of conjugal rights. For generations women who left their husbands were imprisoned for contempt of court if they disobeyed an order to return and fulfil the duties of married life: in theory the law would equally compel an unwilling husband to return to his wife, but in practice no man was touched by this law so long as he provided mere board and residence for his wife. But there came Mrs. Weldon, who refused to be satisfied unless she had her unwilling husband's actual society, and as soon as it was seriously sought to imprison a man for failing to "render conjugal rights," the law was altered. Now "cruelty," in the nature of the case, is more easily shown by a husband to his wife than *vice versa*. The husband has the bodily strength to inflict physical pain, and the purse to give or withhold comfort, as a rule. So for nearly forty years it has been held as the legal definition of cruelty, under our Divorce Court, that no amount of moral torture, no degree of personal abuse and insult, and no utter neglect, is "cruel"; and that even bodily ill-usage that does not positively "endanger life, limb, or mental health" is not to be so reckoned. The conduct on the part of husbands that English Divorce Court judges have instructed juries was "not cruelty" is inconceivable to anybody not acquainted with the facts. Thus, the Divorce Court judge first, and afterwards three judges of the Appeal Court, all declared that it was not cruelty for a man publicly to accuse his wife, without a shadow of reason, of immoral conduct; to tell her that he had only married her for her money; to threaten that he would keep a mistress under her own roof in the guise of one of her servants; and actually to do this; and finally, to go away when she was ill in bed, leaving orders with the servants that the sick wife's bell was not to be answered, and that no food was to be prepared for her, and no notice taken of her, so that the poor lady would have probably died of neglect but that a friend called to see her after she had been thus left for twenty-four hours. These awful outrages were proved, and not doubted; but the judges held even all this put together not to be cruelty! The appeal decision in this case was given in June 1885. In 1880, a man who was keeping a second establishment in luxury left his wife forty hours without food, having first taken away from her all her jewels and other means of raising money. This conduct the judge instructed the jury was not cruel. "What, is it not legal cruelty if a man leaves his wife starving and goes and lives with another woman and spends largely on her?" asked one of the jury. "Certainly not," replied Sir James Hannen. There are, of course, a large number of persons who think that divorce never ought to be granted to either husband or wife, or for any cause; but even such must admit that if it is to be permitted for cruelty it is time to have a more rational and common-sense definition of what cruel conduct is.

Meantime, there is a continuous extension for the lower classes of the compromise called "judicial separation," which forbids a man to compel his wife's company at bed or at board, but does not free either of them to remarry. This is a very objectionable arrangement, for obvious reasons; Sir George Lewis has justly called it "abominably cruel," but it seems to meet with the approbation of many who shrink from the name "divorce," while recognising a need for the fact. A new extension of this half-divorce was made by an Act quietly passed in the last days of the late Parliament, under the title of "Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act." It was brought in by Mr. Byrne, Q.C., and backed by Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, Mr. Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., Mr. Haldane, Q.C., and Mr. Bucknill, Q.C., and its object is to extend the previously existing law under which magistrates were empowered to give a separation order and an allowance for maintenance to women, whose husbands had either deserted them or committed aggravated assaults on them. Under the new law (which comes into operation on Jan. 1 next) a wife whose husband wilfully refuses or neglects to provide reasonable maintenance for her and her children can leave him, and can sue him for an order for weekly payment in accordance with his means, but not over two pounds—the rich are left to the Divorce Court. The magistrate may make such an order payable to any third person. Similar provision is made for cases in which a man is either convicted of an aggravated assault on his wife, or is proved to be persistently generally cruel to her; and the wife may also be given the custody of the children up to sixteen years of age. All these provisions are new. At the suggestion of Sir Francis Jeune, a merciful provision for wives who "go wrong" owing to the compulsion of their husbands was inserted. Great honour is due to all these eminent lawyers for this effort for clients too poor and ignorant even to give thanks for the help.

I have been shown the menu of a dinner given by the Queen to her grandson, the Emperor William; and a pleasant little gastronomic contemporary, the *Epicure*, gives the menu of the dinner provided by the Prince of Wales when the Shahzada was the honoured guest. It is instructive to see how simple compared to the long and elaborate lists of many dinners are the menus for these state banquets. The Queen gave ox-tail soup and potage à la reine; salmon and dressed soles; two simple entrées; lamb and green peas, ducklings and cold roast beef; and no sweets but iced pudding and petits fours. That was all. The Prince gave clear turtle and spring soups; devilled whitebait and stewed trout; two entrées, one of chicken and one of ortolans; roast lamb, chicken, and quails, with salad and green peas; then the sweets, timbale of peaches, and soufflés glacés; finally, a modern fancy called "petites cassolettes à la russe." Neapolitan ices made like flowers, and placed on a trophy of spun sugar, were also served at the Prince's table.

A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

IV.—THROUGH BERBER VILLAGES.

Having crossed the Atlas at an altitude of over 8000 ft., by the pass known as the Tizi n'Glawi, our little caravan of six natives and myself descended the steep path to the



SOUTH SIDE OF THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: 6300 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

plain of Teluet, which, shut in by hills, lies at an altitude above the sea-level varying from 6000 to 7000 ft. Not approaching the Governor of Glawa's "kasbah" or castle—for our object was to avoid attention as far as possible—we turned more to the east, and crossing the Wad Marghen, ascended by a dry river-course the opposite hills. I had hoped to have been able to follow another route, that of the Wad Warzazat, but the tribes in that district were in revolt, and accordingly the road impassable, so that no choice lay before us but to proceed to Dads via Askoura, a road never travelled over before, and accordingly by no means disappointing in this respect.

Having crossed a watershed we descended again by a dry water-course to Tiourassin, a large group of villages lying on either bank of the Wad Ounila. This river, rising in the heights of a mountain of the same name, never ceases, even in the driest seasons, to run. The mountain is often plainly visible as one proceeds toward the east, and is certainly one of the most remarkable peaks in appearance



BERBERS.

in the whole of the Atlas range; for whereas most of the higher mountains present a tolerably even altitude, Ounila rises to a fine peak, on the very summit of which exists a deep circular lake, probably the crater of an extinct volcano. It is from this lake that the river issues, and as any peculiarity in the course of nature is looked upon by the superstitious natives with reverence, Ounila and its never-ceasing spring is sacred indeed, and yearly the pilgrims flock to the summit and sacrifice sheep and goats to the saints or devils in charge. Such a journey would be impossible at any but the driest season, as Ounila is said to bear snow on its summit even in the hottest summers,

and although but little snow had fallen on our crossing the Atlas in the first week in November, its peak was capped in glistening white for some way down. This mountain probably reaches an altitude of some 13,000 ft. above the sea-level. At Tiourassin, in the rainy season, several smaller streams join the Ounila, and the valley widens out accordingly, a semicircular plain some mile or so in diameter being formed. Over this plain are scattered

the villages. Some words must be said regarding the style of building we were to see with but little variation from here to Tafilet, for the architecture of these districts differs entirely from that of any other part of Morocco, and this first view of the villages of Tiourassin struck me with surprise. Instead of the miserable low hovels that the Berbers build themselves on the northern slopes of the Atlas range, there rose up before us great castles, guarded by high decorative towers, the whole built of "tabia," the soft native concrete,

it is true, but none the less imposing from the fact that gravel formed the principal item of their construction. These houses are usually square, some thirty to forty feet in height, and flanked at each corner by towers some fifteen or twenty feet higher than the main portion of the building. In many cases they are so closely grouped together as to give the appearance of one huge castle, though, as a rule, in reality detached from one another. Between these villages were gardens, terraced from the water's edge, and full of walnut, almond, and fig trees, which, though winter was so close upon us, were luxuriant in foliage, adding a pleasing finish to a day's travel over rock and stone. At the imposing village of Ait Yahia ou Ali we pitched our tent, in a large enclosed yard; and here, for the first time since entering the mountains, we were able to obtain a good store of provisions and a satisfactory feed of barley for our baggage animals. Both we and they had fared badly. Owing to the presence of the Sultan at Tafilet, the road was being continuously travelled over by small bodies of troops and all the sorts and conditions of men who accompany Mulai Hassan upon his summer expeditions, and the result was that the smaller villages had been entirely exhausted of barley and fowls, the two necessary articles of food in travel in Morocco. However, here we found plenty ready to supply us with food and fodder at a moderate rate, and both we and our mules fared luxuriously. Here, as usual, a few of the Berber villagers came and took tea with us. Only two of the half-dozen or so who came spoke Arabic, and they with an accent as foreign, or more so, than my own, so that I feared nothing in keeping up an animated conversation with our guests, who never for one moment suspected that I was an "infidel" in disguise; and I was made doubly welcome on account of my story that I was a friend of the holy Shereefs of Wazan, and on my way to join the Sultan at Tafilet. My intimate knowledge of Wazan and its sacred family prevented any detection supposing I was cross-questioned, as was once or twice the case, by Berbers who had made the pilgrimage there; for even to this far-away district does the influence of the Shereefs extend.

We were off at sunrise on our journey, and ascending the hills on the east side of the valley of the Wad Ounila—we had forded the river over night—a steep climb brought us to the watershed of one of the spurs of the main range of the Atlas, for our road, lying almost east and west, necessitated our constantly ascending and descending this offshoot of the chain. I found the altitude of this elevated spot to be no less than 6800 ft. above the sea-level. From here a lovely view was obtained of the south side of the Atlas, all the principal peaks of this portion of the range being in view—Ounila, Anghemer, Jibel Glawi, Tidili Miltin, and even Jibel Siroua, which divides the basins of the Wad Draa and Wad Sus, a solitary peak some way south of the main range. Such a panorama of the southern side of the Atlas can be seen from no other spot that I visited.

A descent brought us to the valley of Majdata, where is an old ruined fort, known as the "Teherunt"—the Berber for castle. This was the only habitation we passed during the whole of that day's march, nor does the country allow of much life, being barren of all vegetation save the evergreen oak, the spruce, and a few thorn trees, while a little grass here and there near the beds of the streams offers but scant pasturage for a few goats, sent thither to graze in charge of a man or boy from some village higher up in the mountains. In spite of the reputation that these Berber inhabitants of the southern side of the Atlas possess for robbery, etc., these flocks and herds graze in security, being driven for protection at night only into some cave or under the shelter of trees. It seems that all that is to be feared are the hyænas and jackals, of which, to judge by the noise of a night, the country must be full. Yet in spite of the want of habitations there seems to be but little game in these districts. Mouflon, the Barbary wild sheep, is uncommon and the lion unknown, the latter fact being owing, no doubt, to the want of covert.

At the village of Agurzga we camped. It is a wonderfully picturesque spot, situated under precipices of limestone mountains, its castle-like "ksour" perched on rocky peaks, while below, fringed with gardens of fig, almond, and walnut, flows the river, which issues from a narrow gorge a mile or so further up, and enters another, the last in its mountain course, just below the village, whence it emerges on to the plain, eventually to find its way to the Wad Draa, the largest of the rivers of Southern Morocco.

Here, too, the villagers paid us visits. Fine fellows they are, these Berbers, with their long black cloaks of undyed wool, decorated on the back with the curious red design common to the Atlas and the mountains of Tripoli. Contrary to the Moorish custom, they shave the upper lip and allow the beard to grow only an inch or so in length on the point of the chin, leaving only a fine line of short hair thence to the ears. In this they resemble somewhat the people of the Yemen. With that kindly hospitality with which this race of people seem imbued, they brought us our supper from the village—poor enough stuff, it is true, but the best they had; and very acceptable were the steaming dishes of coarse turnips and ground maize, followed by walnuts and almonds, which all these districts produce in large quantities. Leaving Agurzga early, we continued our road, travelling almost due east. Having crossed a high hill, we descended by a stony path to the river and tribe of Ghresat. The stream in the spring, when the snow is melting, must be one of no inconsiderable size, and even as it was, after an exceedingly dry summer it contained a fair supply of water, and reached the knees of our mules as we forded it. The villages, with the square-towered "ksour" common to the country, are situated on the left side of the river, on a steep bank, high above the watercourse and its fringing gardens. Continuing for a short distance down the course of the Ghresat, we struck away once more for



A PASS ON THE ROAD.

the east. The country entirely changed here, for we had emerged from the mountains and entered the great plateau that lies between the Atlas and the Anti-Atlas, or Jibel Saghrou, as the natives call it. This plain is dreary in the extreme. The soil, of hard

gravel and reddish sand, is strewn with fragments of black stone, varying from about a foot to an inch square, and rectangular in form. Scarcely a blade of anything green is to be seen. A few thorn-trees and some wild thyme find sufficient moisture to grow in places which in the wet season appear to be temporary watercourses, but the *tout ensemble* of the plain is a parched desert, bounded on the north by the bare limestone rocks and snow-peaks of the Great Atlas, and on the south by the volcanic black line of Jibol Saghrou.

As a rule this plateau is tolerably level, but between Ghresat and Askoura, the next large tribe, seven hills are crossed, few, if any, rising much over a hundred feet above the general level elevation. This spot, called the "Sebaa Shaabat," is a well-known haunt of robbers; but we personally had little to fear, for a large caravan of Berbers from Dads and the surrounding districts had joined us, of which many of the men were armed—true, only with the primitive flintlock of the country, but probably the robbers

however, were the caravan men who came with us, for a load of cotton goods and another of sugar were deliberately cut off the mules' backs in the scrimmage of packing at early dawn, and were never seen again. This was a great loss to the poor fellows—such a loss, in fact, that it would more than eat up all the profits of their hard journey to replace the articles or their value on their arrival at their destination, for the caravan men are responsible for all losses incurred in this way. It was quite heartrending to see the miserable looks of the poor fellows, and I would gladly have helped them to replace at least some little part of their loss, would not so entirely un-Arab an action have called too much attention to myself, and possibly meant the discovery of my European origin.

From Askoura we proceeded the following day to the large tribe of Ait Yahia, situated on the Wad Dads, the main stream of what but a few miles further down is known as the Wad Draa. The entire route was desert with the exception of the small Berber tribe of Imasin, who have, by laborious terracing, rendered suitable for cultivation a narrow strip of the bank of the river of the same name. It is but a poor little place, and the houses seem in bad repair.

Thence to Ait Yahia is quite a short journey, perhaps an hour or so's ride. This large tribe inhabit a district of the Wad Dads, where that river is joined by the Wad Imgouna. The junction of these two rivers forms a wide triangular valley, in which a great number of villages are scattered, some low down near the water's edge, others on the summit of the cliffs that skirt the valley on either side. Here for the first time, too, is seen another class of building, the "Aouddin," or solitary towers, which, during the inter-tribal and often inter-village wars are manned by a handful of the combatants. They are usually erected to guard the channels by which the water is carried from the river to the gardens, for almost the first acts of warfare are the attempts to cut off the water from each other's villages, and thus not only ruin the gardens from drought, but also often force the inhabitants of the houses to surrender. Another use is made of the water. A trench is often dug and a stream diverted until it reaches the walls of the besieged "Ksar," of which the poor native concrete is unable to withstand the action, and the whole house crumbles about the heads of those living within. These constant petty wars are by no means desultory affairs. No quarter is given among the men, and all male prisoners of an age suitable to carrying a gun are stabbed to death with the hooked daggers that every native carries. The women, however, are seldom, if ever, molested, and in this respect the Berbers are far above the Arabs, one of whose incentives to warfare is the desire of obtaining possession of the women.

Although Ait Yahia is situated on the river Dads, the road from the one tribe to the other does not follow the valley, which takes a circuitous route, but proceeds directly across the plateau, here as elsewhere a desolate desert.

The news had spread about that the old Shercef was returning to his home, and soon after we had started on

our three or four hours' ride little bands of his tribespeople, standing by the roadside or running to greet him, bade us all welcome, and by the time we reached his village, the Zaouia Ait bou Haddou, our little cavalcade had become quite a procession. There was something very charming in the hearty welcome accorded the old man, and the crowd



A. BERBER FAMILY AT DADS: WOMAN MEALING CORN.

shook each of us in turn by the hand, and poured into our ears all kinds of compliments in the Shelha language. With this first peep of the people of Dads I was highly pleased; nor were my experiences of them afterwards less pleasant, and I never met more kindly and hospitable folk anywhere in Morocco.

At length we found ourselves in the big rambling house of the Shercef, and the first long stage of my journey was over—for Tafilet lay only some four or five days' travelling beyond.

(To be continued.)

A British steam-ship named the *Catterthun*, bound from Sydney to Hong-Kong, with fifteen Europeans and fifty-five Chinese on board, was wrecked on Aug. 8 off the east coast of Australia; nearly all lives, except those of Captain Fawkes, the second mate, and two English passengers, were lost. The disaster occurred in a violent gale, with a high sea, and the ship sank in twenty minutes.



A BERBER VILLAGE.

of Imorghen possess nothing more modern either. These Dads people were regular traders, carrying dates from Tafilet to Marakesh, and bringing, on returning, rough iron bars, cotton goods, and sugar.

Some four hours of plain, and Askoura was reached. This district is one of the largest of these North-West Saharan oases. The water is supplied by three rivers, all flowing from the Atlas, the Mdri, the Bou Jhila, and the Askoura. From the river-courses innumerable small canals carry the water to the gardens, luxuriant with palm and all kinds of fruit-trees. These gardens are all enclosed with "tabia" walls, over the tops of which hang great clusters of jasmine and roses, showing that the natives are appreciative of flowers, and not so entirely given up to pursuits purely mercenary as in other parts. This, too, is curious, for the four tribes which constitute the district of Askoura are all Arab tribes, and no Berbers are found among them, the two races being here, as almost always, in open warfare, though Berber caravans are able to pass through Askoura, but not without considerable risk of loot; in return for which the Askoura caravans penetrate to Dads and other neighbouring Berber districts.

Many of the houses of Askoura are well built, all of "tabia," but richly decorated in geometric designs of mud bricks, and one and all possess the usual towers of defence at each of the four corners. Certainly the place was the most picturesque we had yet seen, for, although lying on a dead level, the luxuriant growth of palms and the foliage of the innumerable gardens added a charm to the scene not to be overlooked, especially after the arid limestone rocks we had been accustomed to up till now.

We pitched our tent in an enclosed yard of a village, but it was dark before we unpacked our mules; and as the place is full of thieves, we had to keep a sharp look-out on our possessions. We were fortunate, however, and managed to secure all our property within the small tent before any of the crowd of natives who hung about were able to "lift" anything. More unlucky,



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The entertainment generally known as "burlesque" has undergone innumerable changes and reforms during the last fifty odd years. The whole subject has, of course, been very accurately and succinctly stated by Mr. W. Davenport Adams in his well-known "Book of Burlesque," but perhaps I may be allowed to note the alterations that have been effected in the range of my own experience. I believe that military amateurs and others are still faithful to the friend of our boyhood, Bombastes Furioso, I am ashamed to say that I have myself in days of innocence played Distaffina in a back drawing-room. But nowadays who ever dreams of reviving the French fairy stories dramatised by Planché for the Lyceum in the days of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews? We can do better things in the way of scenery and glittering effects nowadays than were done in the times of "The King of the Peacocks," "The Island of Jewels," and "King Charming"—extravaganzas, as they were called then, which were considered marvellous. It would be futile to unearth the burlesques written by Frank Talfourd and the Brough Brothers for Robson at the Lyceum—days when Miss Wyndham and Miss Herbert and Miss Cottrell were the reigning beauties of the burlesque stage. In their day better burlesques were never seen than Byron's "Esméralda" and the "Maid and the Magpie," at the Strand, and Burnand's "Ixion" and "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Royalty. But, as a modern poet once observed, "Time has combed them out." W. S. Gilbert began by burlesquing popular operas such as "L'Elisir d'Amore" and others, but he left burlesque for an entertainment of his own invention, which has never been imitated with success or even approached.

The weather-wise, who watch the signs of the times, have long been aware that the day had come for a new kind of entertainment. It was impossible for the theatre proper to compete with the variety theatre without it. Petticoat-dancing, skirt-dancing, comic songs, could not be wholly banished from such strongholds as the Gaiety, for instance, which has more than once been recruited from the music-hall. But what was to be done if there was no method for introducing these lighter forms of entertainment? The joke of taking off a variety entertainment to some King of the Cannibal Islands was almost played out.

Strange to say, that at the very time that we were all being told by experts that the old form of opera was played out, unnatural and wrong, and that it was a dramatic heresy to arrest action with song on the lyric stage, it was found that the public was taking very kindly to that kind of old-fashioned burlesque or vaudeville of the "Turnpike Gate" fashion, which were forced on the minor stages of London years ago on account of the monopoly enjoyed by the patent theatres. Just as in the early days of Miss Poole, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Keeley, and Sims Reeves songs and ballads were grafted upon simple little farces and comediettas where action was most decidedly interrupted and arrested by music, so Mr. Owen

Hall hit upon the clever notion of interspersing the newest form of farcical comedy with as much light and pleasant music as could be conveniently scattered over two or three acts. But the one essential to the new stage reformer was the petticoat. The public was sick of merry Swiss boys marking time in tights. The female form divine had become hideous, thanks to the unsuggestive costumier. Everybody saw too much of it. That which should have been pretty became ugly. So the era of the petticoat and lace frills had an entertainment all to itself. Hence the "Gaiety Girl" and her immediate successors. The petticoat dance and the petticoat came to the front. The modern milliner was in more requisition than the fancy costumier. Nothing seemed so attractive as a pink cotton frock, a white cap and apron, and black silk stockings. The idealised "slavey" became the fashion, and certainly the modern chorus girl has never looked so well or been more attractive than when attired in everyday costume. The modern bicycle knickerbockered girl, with her suggestion of old and worn-out burlesque, will never hold her own against the idealised parlourmaid and the sublimated shop-girl. Mr. Owen Hall has nailed his colours to the mast, and given us another of these new entertainments in "All Abroad," which is running merrily at the Criterion during Mr. Charles Wyndham's absence on a holiday. Among many theatrical heresies is one to the effect that you ought never to change the character of the entertainment at any popular theatre. And yet Charles Wyndham has himself changed the Criterion programme from farcical to serious comedy, and Sir Henry Irving has lent the sacred Lyceum stage to children's pantomime. The public never look for a given entertainment at any theatre, but for a good one. That is all. The paying public often fights shy of a theatre where they have lost good money over wretched entertainments; and they will always go back to the theatre where they have enjoyed themselves, and would crowd the Criterion to see Charles Wyndham play Hamlet and Miss Mary Moore, Ophelia. Theatres, believe me, are only unpopular when they give bad entertainments. I was glad to see that Miss Emily Soldene emphasised this fact in one of her interesting papers brimming over with dramatic recollections. When "Généviève de Brabant" was produced at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, in the well-remembered days of Emily Soldene and Selina Dolaro, my friends thought me a little mad for imploring the public to take a cab and go up to Islington Green; and they found it was not a very dear cab fare from the West-End after all. Perhaps it was my earnestness, perchance it was the fact that all who did go endorsed what I said and gave the tip to their friends; but, at any rate, in less than a week all the "swells" of London were talking about "Généviève de Brabant" and the "Phil." The same thing exactly happened when Miss Mary Wilton and Henry James Byron opened the "Dust Hole," or the old Queen's Theatre, in a dirty street off the Tottenham Court Road, and called it the "Prince of Wales Theatre." It was not very long before the carriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was at the royal entrance.

"All Abroad" is well worth seeing. The music, by

Mr. Frederic Rosse, is light and pretty; the lyrics, by Mr. W. H. Risque (what a curious name!), are excellent, and the cast well selected. Miss Kate Cutler is as charming as ever, and Miss Ada Reeve infinitely clever. Mr. John Coates has a delightful voice, and knows how to sing into the bargain. Mr. Charles Stevens is full of fun, and well contrasted with Mr. Horace Mills. Mr. H. de Lange is one of the most useful comedians on the stage, and Mr. C. P. Little is ever welcome. In fact, the enthusiasm of the first night has been repeated ever since, and London for once ratifies a provincial success.

A recent official return shows that wolves still exist in fifty-five departments of France, but their appearance is now becoming rare, and since 1884 the amount of premiums paid for their destruction has lessened from 180,000f. to 25,000f.

The King of the Belgians has given a piece of land adjacent to the town of Ostend for a public park, and has ordered that the expense of preparing and decorating it shall be defrayed by the Privy Purse.

At Dresden, under the patronage of the King of Saxony, the eighteenth Congress of the International Literary and Artistic Association has been held, with about two hundred delegates from different countries of Europe.

The directors of the Barrow Steel Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, North Lancashire, have been obliged to close their steel works, from Aug. 17, on account of the depressed condition of trade and the wages disputes with their men. They propose to sell the iron smelted at their furnaces, to be converted into steel elsewhere. The Duke of Devonshire is chairman of the company, and owner of the estate.

The aggregate export trade of the seven Australasian colonies, including New Zealand, in 1894, amounted in value to £62,315,000, and the import trade to £48,720,000. The largest trade was that of New South Wales, £20,577,000 exports and £15,801,000 imports; Victoria came second, £14,000,000 exports and £12,470,000 imports; New Zealand third, followed by South Australia, Queensland, West Australia, and Tasmania. The population and trade of West Australia rapidly increased during the year.

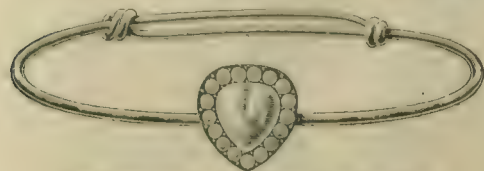
A public meeting was held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening, Aug. 13, in connection with the Church Missionary Society and the Church Zenana Missionary Society, to consider the terrible disaster near Ku-chen, in China. Sir John Kennaway, M.P., was in the chair. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. B. Baring-Gould, the Rev. L. Lloyd, long a missionary in China, the Rev. H. Elliot Fox, who has been appointed to succeed the Rev. F. Wigram as secretary to the Church Missionary Society, and the Rev. W. W. Cassels, Bishop-Designate of Western China. The speakers deprecated any idea of dealing with the Chinese in a spirit of retaliation, but expressed their confidence that our Government would take steps for the protection of foreigners and of Christians in China.

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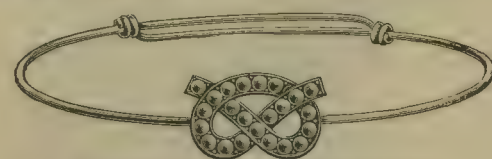


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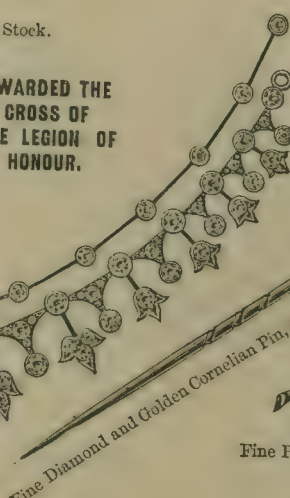
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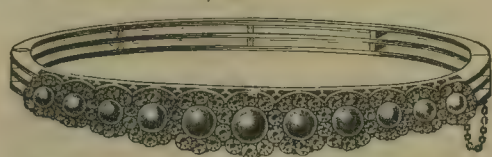
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Letters of Administration, with the will (dated Nov. 21, 1887) and codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1890) annexed, of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Henry George, Viscount Clifden, who died on March 28, granted at Kilkenny to Leopold George Frederick, Viscount Clifden and Lord Annaly, were resealed in London on Aug. 5. The value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounts to £276,170. The testator devises all his hereditaments in the parish of Holdenby to the use of Lady Sarah Spencer, for life, with remainder to the person or persons of the Spencer family entitled for the time being to the mansion-house, Althorp Park. He directs his trustees to endeavour to buy the Holdenby mansion-house and estate to be held upon similar trusts; if the Holdenby mansion is purchased within five years the contents are to go therewith, but if not the contents are to be sold, the proceeds invested, and the interest thereof paid to his uncle, the present Viscount, for life. He bequeaths £10,000 each to his uncle Major-General Frederick Seymour and Lord Charles William Brudenell-Bruce; and £5000 each to the Rev. Cecil Alderson, his uncle Horace Alfred Damer Seymour, and his former governess, Miss Harriet Bell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £2000 per annum to his uncle the present Viscount Clifden, for life, and allowances and pensions to servants; and to accumulate during the life of his uncle the remainder of the income for the purpose of paying off charges on his real estate. Subject thereto he settles his residuary, real and personal, on the first and other sons successively of his said uncle in tail male, with remainder to the use of the Rev. James John Agar Ellis for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Lascelles, of Funtington, Sussex, who died on May 14, at Woodhern Farm, Oving, in the same county, was proved on Aug. 3 by Joseph Lush and Alfred William Mellersh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £82,901. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his wife's niece, Alice Margaret Kate Gay Roberts; £200 each to Henry Hankins, formerly

in his employ, and his coachman, William Henry Harding, if in his service at his death; and £100 to each of his executors. All the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Kate Lascelles, absolutely.

The will (dated July 29, 1886) of Lady Sophia Louisa Scott, of 21, Chester Square, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 1 by Lewis Guy Scott and Dudley Alexander Charles Scott, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £68,417. The testatrix bequeaths her plate to her sister, Lady Frances Mary Scott, for life, and then to her said two nephews. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her said sister for life, and then to pay £7500 each to her said two nephews; £4500 each to her nieces, Evelyn Mary Scott, Jessie Louisa Scott, and Annie Henrietta Fano; £3000 each to her nieces the Hon. Harriet Mostyn, the Hon. Essex Mostyn, and the Hon. Katherine Mostyn; and legacies to many other of her nephews and nieces. The ultimate residue of her personal estate she gives to her nephews, Lewis Guy Scott and Dudley Alexander Charles Scott, and such of her nieces, Evelyn Mary Scott, and Jessie Louisa Scott, as shall not have been married at the death of the survivor of herself and her said sister.

The will and codicil (both dated March 6, 1895) of Mr. Harry Spencer Waddington, J.P., D.L., of Cavenham Hall, Mildenhall, Suffolk, who died on May 20, were proved on Aug. 3 by Spencer Beauchamp Waddington, the son, and the Rev. Beilby Porteus Oakes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £48,228. The testator bequeaths £2000 and such of his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects, and such one of his carriages and such pair of his horses as she may select to his wife; £100 to his executor, the Rev. B. P. Oakes; annuities during the life of his wife of £100 to his daughter Amy Harriet Selby, and of £50 each to his daughters Rachel Caroline Waddington and Dora May Waddington; and there are some specific bequests of plate to children. He directs the annual allowances covenanted to be paid under his daughters' marriage settlements to be paid by his trustees during the life

of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death the portion of each of his children, other than Gertrude Maud Deane, with what he or she will become entitled to under settlement, is made up to £3200; and he gives an additional sum of £6800 to his eldest son, Spencer Beauchamp. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his nine children in equal shares, except that the share of his daughter Gertrude Maud Deane is to be £500 less than the others, she having received a larger annual allowance. Certain moneys advanced to children are to be brought into account.

The will, dated Nov. 18, 1884, of Mr. Francis Otter, J.P., M.P. Louth Division of Lincolnshire, 1885-86, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of Ranby Hall, near Wragby, Lincolnshire, who died on May 29, at 37, Gordon Square, was proved on July 22 by Robert Henry Otter, the brother, and John Walter Cross, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £34,463. The testator gives a freehold farm at Holmesfield, Derbyshire, to his son, William Henry; his freehold property at Spital Hill, near Retford, which came to him under the will of his father, and the residue of his real estate to his son Francis Robert; his plate to his wife for life, and then to his children; his books and bookcases to his wife for life, and then to go as heirlooms with the Ranby estate; and some other specific bequests. He bequeaths £300 and the remainder of his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Emily Helen Otter; £600 each to his brothers, the Rev. John Otter and Robert Henry Otter; £400 to his executor, Mr. J. W. Cross; £2000 to his daughter Elizabeth Gwendolen; and a few other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income (but not less than £350 per annum) to his wife for life, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares. He states that his wife is already provided for under two settlements.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1892), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1895), of Mr. John Birchenough, of The Elms, Macclesfield, Cheshire, who died on May 7 at Bournemouth, was proved on July 31 by Frederick Bridgford and James

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London Br.	arr.	6.45	10.25	1.10	4.55	7.17	10.30	11.35	4.55
Portsmouth	arr.	9.0	12.45	1.5	4.40	7.25	10.45	11.50	4.55
Ryde	arr.	9.55	1.50	1.50	3.0	5.10	7.30	7.40	8.35
Sandown	arr.	10.45	2.25	2.25	3.35	5.45	6.14	8.14	9.24
Shanklin	arr.	10.51	2.36	2.36	3.45	5.52	6.19	8.19	9.30
Ventnor	arr.	11.4	2.50	2.50	3.55	6.6	8.30	8.30	9.40
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Birchall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,247. There are various bequests and provisions in favour of children; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for all his seven children.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1891) of Major William Christopher James, 16th Lancers, only son of the late Lord Justice James, who died on Dec. 21 at Lucknow, was proved on July 22 by Christopher James, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,469. The testator bequeaths all his plate, furniture, books, pictures, and household effects to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to one moiety for all his children, and as to the other moiety for his children or issue as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated March 7, 1893) of Mr. John Faithful

Fortescue, J.P., of 1, Crescent Villas, Plymouth, who died on July 8; was proved on July 26 by William John Woolcombe and James Yonge Woolcombe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,285. The testator bequeaths £200 to Everilda Armenwell Fortescue, the widow of his late nephew, William Crawford Fortescue, and £520 each to the eight younger children of his said nephew; £600 Two and Three Quarter Per Cent. Consols to his niece Madeline Herbert Fox; and legacies to domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his great niece, Cecilia Camilla Fortescue.

The will (dated July 7, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 19, 1895), of Major-General Charles Henry Gordon, C.B., late 93rd Highlanders, of The Warren, Ascot, who died on May 24 at 47, Albert Hall Mansions, was proved on July 31 by Mrs. Georgina Gordon, the

widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,532. The testator bequeaths £2200 to his brother, George Augustus; and there are one or two specific bequests. The residue of his property he gives to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will and codicil of Sir Cyril Clerke Graham, Bart., C.M.G., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., of Kirkstall, Yorkshire, who died on May 9 at Cannes, were proved on July 26 by Charles Whitbread Graham, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,949.

The will of Major-General David Limond, C.B., late Royal Engineers (Bengal), of 174, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 5 by Mrs. Margaret Springall Limond, the widow and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5928.

DEATH.

At Fairfield, Victoria, British Columbia, on July 16, Julia Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Sir Joseph W. Trutch, K.C.M.G., in her sixty-eighth year.

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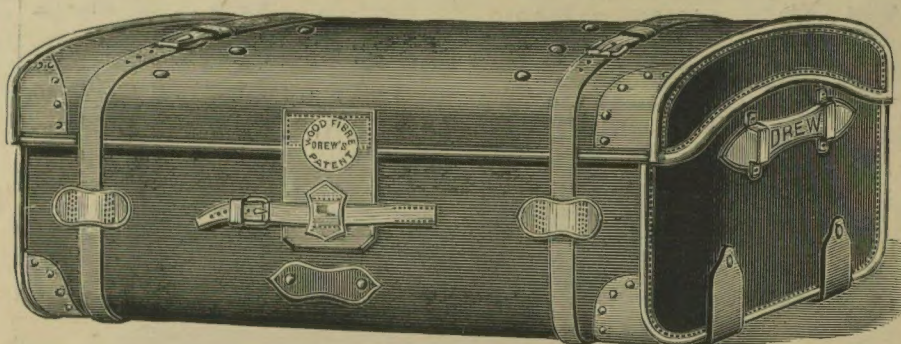
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